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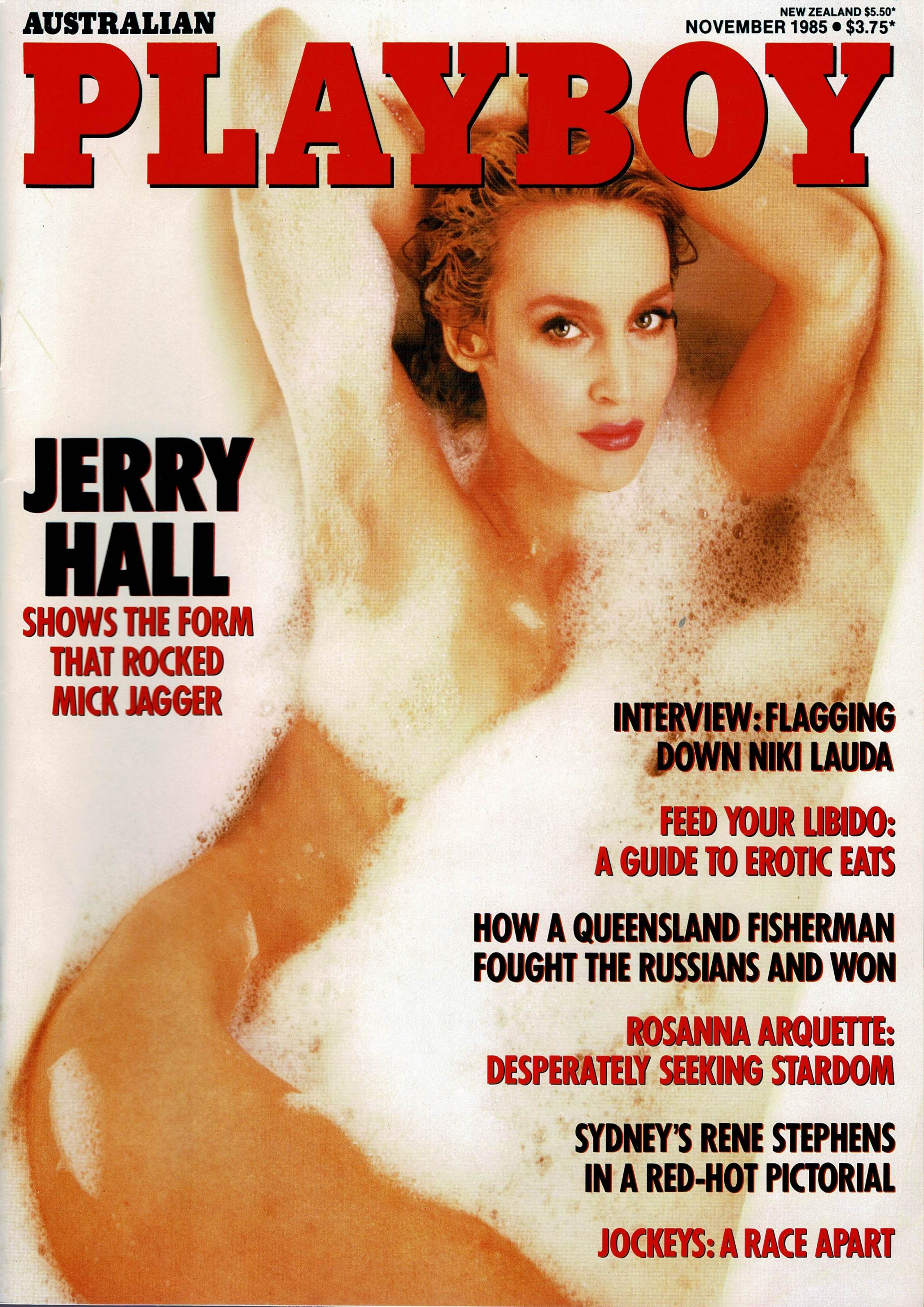
AUSTRALIAN PLAYBOY



JERRY HALL

SHOWS THE FORM THAT ROCKED MICK JAGGER

INTERVIEW: FLAGGING DOWN NIKI LAUDA

FEED YOUR LIBIDO: A GUIDE TO EROTIC EATS

HOW A QUEENSLAND FISHERMAN FOUGHT THE RUSSIANS AND WON

ROSANNA ARQUETTE: DESPERATELY SEEKING STARDOM

SYDNEY'S RENE STEPHENS IN A RED-HOT PICTORIAL

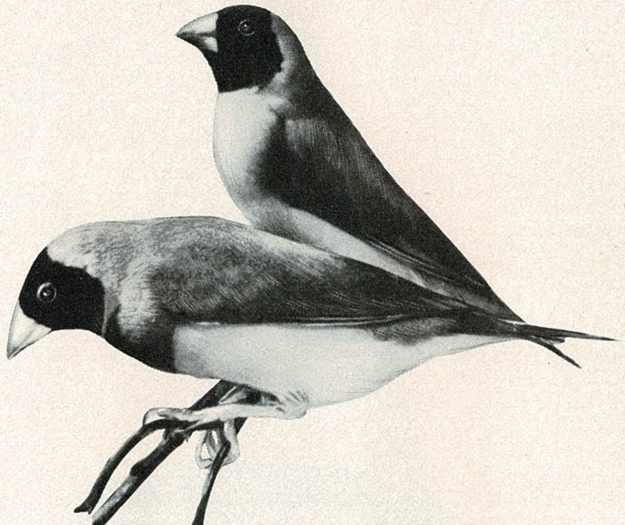
JOCKEYS: A RACE APART

LEO BURNETT 2.3083

LEO BURNETT 2.3083 CC1934/84

WARNING — SMOKING IS A HEALTH HAZARD

This is a gouldian finch.



Take a long, last look,

The gouldian finch is declining alarmingly. Where once it was widespread it is now absent. Where once it was abundant its numbers now are few. Even the small flocks remaining are considered vulnerable.

The reasons are, as yet, unknown.

Saving the gouldian finch is one of the 88 projects World Wildlife Fund Australia has adopted. It is one of 18 still awaiting funding. Won't you help?

Australia has been the home for unique plant and animal species for millions of years. Man has destroyed many of them in less than two centuries.

Their loss is immeasurable. Such is the delicate balance of nature.

You can help World Wildlife Fund Australia save our endangered wildlife by becoming a WWF Australia member, by spreading the word, by cash donation, or by bequeathing money or life insurance.

Please support our work.

or fill in this coupon.

To: World Wildlife Fund Australia,
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SYDNEY NSW 2001.
Telephone: (02) 29 7572.

Yes! I want to help World Wildlife Fund Australia to save our endangered wildlife.

Tick boxes where applicable:

Yes! ☐ I want to become an Annual Supporter for $25.00 which entitles me to receive a Panda Lapel Badge, Certificate of Support, Annual Conservation Programme Brochure and quarterly newsletters.

Yes! ☐ I would like to become a Life Member for $1,000.00 and receive a Gold Panda Lapel Badge, Annual Conservation Programme Brochure, quarterly newsletters and invitations to functions organised by World Wildlife Fund Australia.

Yes! ☐ I would like to donate $ _____ to World Wildlife Fund Australia to help conserve Australia's endangered plants and animals.

Yes! ☐ I would like to enrol a young Australian as a member of the Australian Wildlife Club for one year. I understand this will cost $5.00 per year and the Club member will receive a Certificate of Membership and Receipt, badge, sticker, poster, an Earth Watch Programme T.V. Storyboard and the Club's quarterly newsletter. Recommended age group: (3yrs – 16yrs).

Please find attached a cheque made payable to World Wildlife Fund Australia for the amount of
$ __________

Or charge my Bankcard with $ _____

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Bankcard Expiry Date __/__/19__

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____________ Postcode: ______

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PLAYBILL

November is one of the busiest months on the Australian sporting calendar. There's the Melbourne Cup, the Adelaide Grand Prix and the cricket season gets into full swing. To celebrate we bring you an action-packed issue of Australian PLAYBOY.

Herbert Volker flags down Formula One motor racing champion Niki Lauda on the eve of his retirement for a hard-hitting Playboy Interview. Lauda is an unpredictable character who has always shunned the chutzpah and circus antics of the Grand Prix world. He talks about the highs and lows of his well-publicised career, tells how he got behind the wheel again after his near-fatal crash in 1976, and answers criticism about his lack-lustre racing record this year. Next on the sports front we present *Just Another Day At The Track,* a racy read about Aussie jockeys. Writer **Noel Carstairs** concludes that what these little men lack in stature they make up for in guile and guts. The crackerjack artwork is by **Alan Ewart.** And for a complete change of pace, senior contributing editor **Paul Mann** has been checking out the women's wrestling circuit in Australia to bring us a no-holds-barred account of these femmes fatales of the ring.

We bet there's not a sportsman among you who would decline a bit of physical contact with Jerry Hall, Mick Jagger's vibrant missus. In our exclusive *Hall Of Fame* pictorial, the luscious, leggy Hall shows us the stuff that won Mick's heart.

Coming The Raw Prawn by **Anthony Walsh** is a rivetting read about the plight of a Queensland prawn trawlerman whose livelihood came to an abrupt end one sunny day when a huge Russian container ship ploughed into his small fishing vessel. Despite a distinct lack of assistance from the Australian authorities, the trawlerman was determined to be fully recompensed by the ruthless Reds. The outcome of his long struggle is sure to shock.

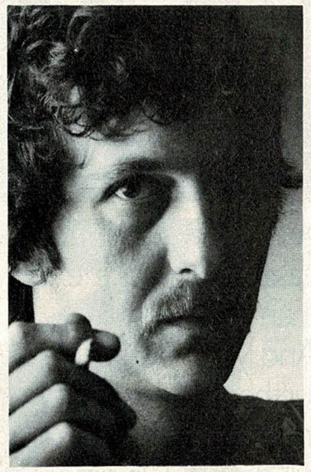
In our regular Sports column, **Nick Carroll** looks at those weirdos of the waves who regularly risk their lives to bodysurf Hawaii's massive Banzai Pipeline. And also on a whacky note, **Tony Cunneen** presents a lively piece of fiction on the bare-arsed cheek of the boys of the Cable Beach cricket team.

Lang Hancock is the richest man in Australia. To find out more we sent **Phil Jarratt** to the Pilbara in Western Australia to scratch below the surface of this enigmatic mining magnate. Jarratt's probing profile reveals an ageing and rather lonely figure who is racing against the clock to fulfil the dreams of a lifetime.

While on the subject of wealth, we have a golden bonanza of girls for you in November Australian PLAYBOY. Lovely Rene Stephens, a Sydney girl now studying in Newcastle, makes a sensational summer prelude. Her *Breath Of Fresh Air* pictorial was shot by **Rico Mettbach.** Then we have delectable Playmate Of The Month Shirley-Jane Mercier who's been following the Grand Prix circus to all corners of the globe. In her *Racy Lady* centrefold spread, expertly shot by **Hans Van Uden** and **Wim Baggelaar,** Shirley-Jane reveals Formula One fastboys really rev her up.

Don't miss **Claudia Dreifus**'s fast-moving 20 Questions with Rosanna Arquette, Madonna's co-star in the mega-hit movie, *Desperately Seeking Susan.* The sexy Arquette was photographed by **Mario Casilli.**

Combine all that activity with our monthly one-pagers on Men, Women, Showbiz and Booze, and you have all the stimuli you need to really get you going this November.



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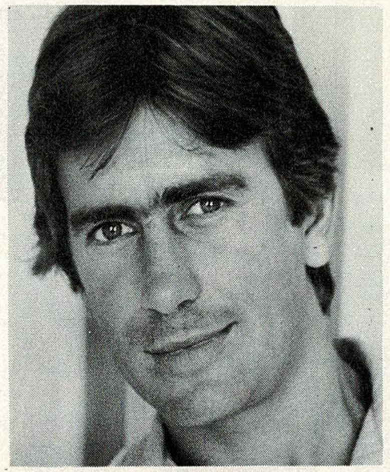
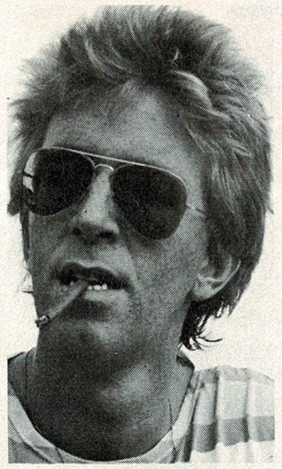
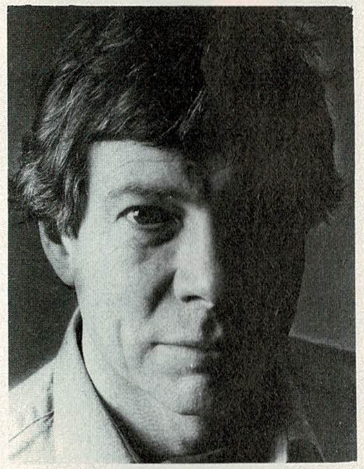


JARRATT



VAN UDEN



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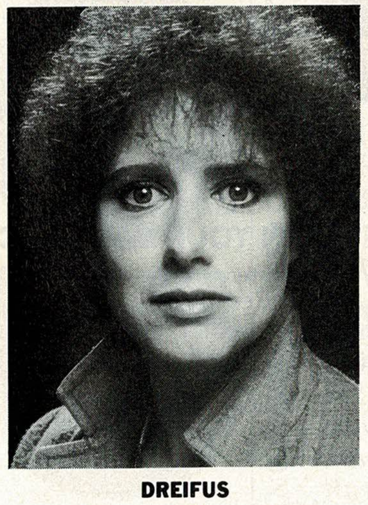
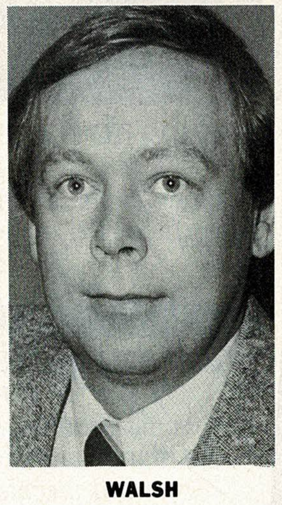


DREIFUS



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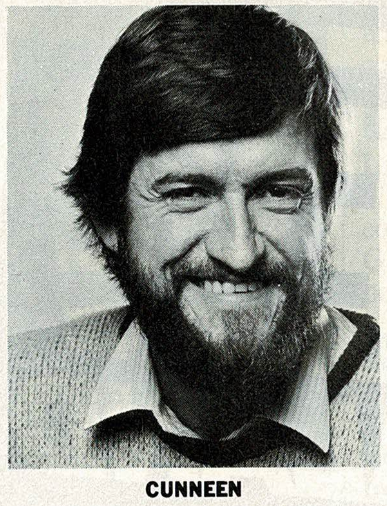

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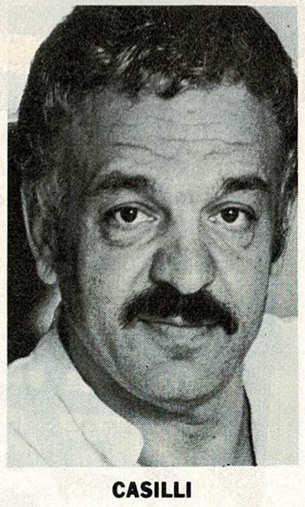

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CAMPBELL

CONTENTS

NOVEMBER 1985 • COVER: JERRY HALL. PHOTO: ANNIE LEIBOVITZ.

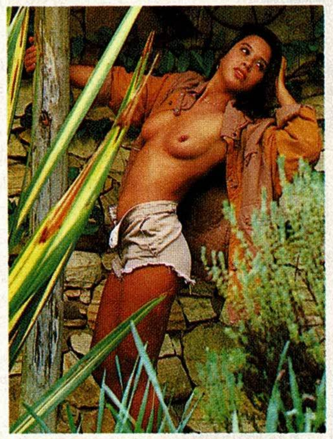
DEAR PLAYBOY 9
AFTER HOURS 11
BOOZE 14
MONEY 18
WOMEN 21
MEN 22
SPORT 26
SHOWBIZ 28

31
PLAYBOY INTERVIEW
We flag down Niki Lauda, world Formula One champ and legend in his own lap time.

40

JUST ANOTHER DAY AT THE TRACK
For every jockey who wins the Melbourne Cup, there are a hundred little men just getting by.

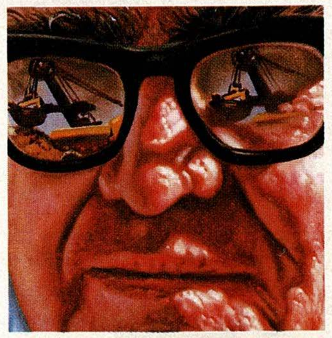
43



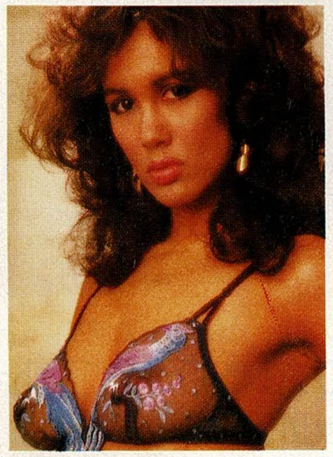
BREATH OF FRESH AIR
Sydney's raunchy Rene Stephens is a country girl at heart.

48
COMING THE RAW PRAWN
How a Queensland trawlerman fought the Russians... and won.

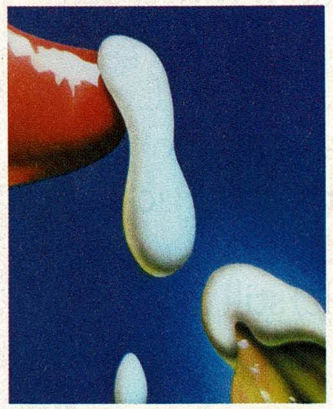
51
IRON MAN
Phil Jarratt digs beneath the surface of mining tycoon Lang Hancock.



53
RACY LADY
It takes a Formula One racer to rev up Playmate Of The Month Shirley-Jane Mercier.



66
LEWD FOOD
Edible erotica to feed your libido.

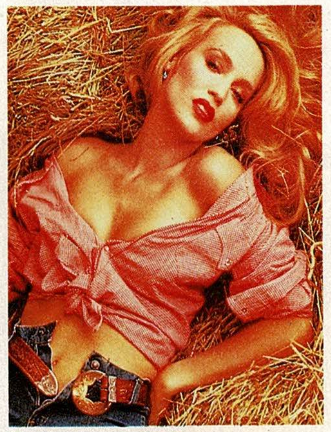


70
20 QUESTIONS: ROSANNA ARQUETTE
Hollywood's hottest new property is desperately seeking stardom.

74
FALL GIRLS

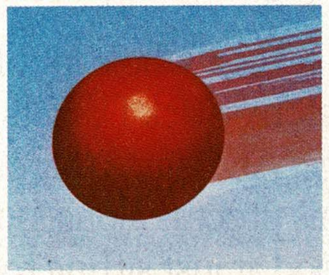
Blow by blow with Australia's women wrestlers.

80
HALL OF FAME



Jerry Hall shows the fabulous form that rocked Mick Jagger.

88
IT'S JUST NOT CRICKET



How the bare-faced cheek of the Cable Beach cricket team won them the coveted trophy.

97
LADY OF LETTERS
No matter how hot the competition, lovely Judy Geisler's first past the post.

119
SEX
Update on weird and wonderful happenings from around the world.

WE'RE PLEASED TO ANNOUNCE that some things in America are still moving slow.

It takes a whole lot of just sitting for a batch of Jack Daniel's to gain rightful age. And, since there's no way to speed this process along, our employees get good at just sitting too. You may feel most things in America move too quickly today. But after a sip of Jack Daniel's you'll be pleased some things (and some people) still take it slow.

If you'd like a booklet about Jack Daniel's Whiskey, write us a letter here in Lynchburg, Tennessee 37352, U.S.A. AB4152/85 JWT644.P.285K1

AUSTRALIAN

PLAYBOY

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DEAR PLAYBOY

Address your letters to Dear Playboy, PO Box 746, Darlinghurst 2010.

NOTHING ON THE BOX TONIGHT?

Thank you for the article titled *What's On The Box Tonight?* by Paul Mann in your July issue. I quite agree with the author's view. May I add that the regular advertisements on the commercial TV stations are still driving me up the wall. To me, these are programs by themselves except that they all fall into the "repeat" category.

It's time to separate advertisements into different time slots, away from regular programs.

On the subject of owning a VCR: I wouldn't tape TV shows I don't like and I don't watch video movies that I suspect would send me to sleep. Now that I have watched almost all the video movies I want to (2000 by now), I spend much of my time sitting in front of the unlit TV screen and unused VCR twiddling my thumbs and wondering how long do I have to wait for a special R-rated, 24-hour channel on TV.

Derek Kang,
Bondi Junction, NSW.

WINTER WARM-UPS

Your June issue was the perfect warm-up for the start of winter this year. Stunners such as Vanity, Kathy and Elizabeth certainly helped to brighten some otherwise dreary days. And then there was Catrina. Wow!

Now, if Catrina really wants to star in a soapie, she can share my shower any day!

David Bradshaw,
Dulwich, SA.

FLIP SIDE OF THE BOY

Congratulations are due for your interview with Boy George in the June issue of Australian PLAYBOY. It seems that the press has tried to convince us that Boy George is nothing but a wimp and a poofter. Even though he admits that he's a bit of a "boy", let's face it, the man only dresses for a gimmick that has made him millions. The fact is that he *can* sing.

Thanks for the article that truly gave the other side of the chameleon.

Hilton Hurst,
Moranbah, Qld.

IT'D MAKE YOU SICK

It's hard not to be cynical after digesting tales such as that of Pete Steedman (*The Crushing Of A Rebel*, May 1985).

I thought Peter Garrett was the only good man beaten in 1984. It makes me feel sick.

Steve Gannon,
Lamb Island, Qld.

CRAZY FOR YOU, MADONNA

I've always thought Madonna was the horniest girl in pop and, like all my mates, reckoned she'd be a good sort without all her lacy underwear. You proved me right, Australian PLAYBOY, in your September issue. She's got it where it counts, and photographs like yours prove she always had it. What a spunk, what a star!

And the best thing about your photo spread is that she looks so approachable. . . no glamor or glitter, but just the real thing. She's the best thing pop and Australian PLAYBOY have had for years.

N.M.,
Newcastle, NSW.

What an incredible turn-on your nude photos of the world's sexiest popstar turned out to be! And, dare I say it, part of the reason has to be that Madonna has dared to expose her magnificently hairy underarms to the public view.

Only someone as outrageous (and as talented) as Madonna would have taken such a chance, but in its way it is as epoch-making as when PLAYBOY first revealed pictures of a centrefold with pubic hair.

A lot of men find female body hair really titillating!

Mark Fleming,
Narrabundah, ACT.

We've received an avalanche of Dear Playboy mail about the Madonna pictorial. Thanks, readers, and here's an encore of the heavenly being — Ed.

HIGH OPINIONS OF ELIZABETH

Congratulations, Australian PLAYBOY, on your June Playmate, Elizabeth Aguilar. She really shows us that 30 is just the beginning!

I've been trying to convince my lady that age and beauty can go hand in hand. One look at Elizabeth and now she's convinced.

Thanks, Australian PLAYBOY, and please keep up the high standard of the interviews you've been dishing up lately.

Paul Bryce,
Fingal Head, NSW.

I love the sultry looks of your Miss June, Elizabeth Aguilar. It's hard to believe that this gorgeous beauty is really 30. And it's equally hard to believe her claim that she used to be an ugly duckling. If, as she says, her ambition is really to climb Mount Everest, then I'd love to be her porter! Tell her I'm ready, willing and able. . . any time!

I'd also like to congratulate you on your pictorial of Vanity in the same issue. She sure is a hot and horny number!

Your subhead suggested she'd make readers rock hard. Well, she did, PLAYBOY, she did.

Jim Creighton,
Mt. Eliza, Vic.

SPACE BUSTERS

I was delighted with your May centrefold, Cindy Brooks. What a good looker!

It's great to see that you're putting more big-breasted women into Australian PLAYBOY. Often they take up more space but they're all worth it!

K. Johnson,
Baulkham Hills, NSW.

Our art director assures us he rather enjoys coping with the various design problems our well-endowed centrefolds often cause — Ed.

WACKO JACKO

Well, love him or hate him, the man certainly is the namesake of his hit single — an individual. Your profile of Mark Jackson in the May issue of Australian PLAYBOY gave me new insight and a healthy chunk of respect for a man I've always called "Wacko Jacko". He may just be the smartest man in Aussie rules football.

Gary G. Gaudion,
Caloundra, Qld.

Write to us! Send your letters to the above address, and remember, we'll give preference to letters that keep it short and snappy. We'll give a 12 month subscription for each Dear Playboy letter we publish.

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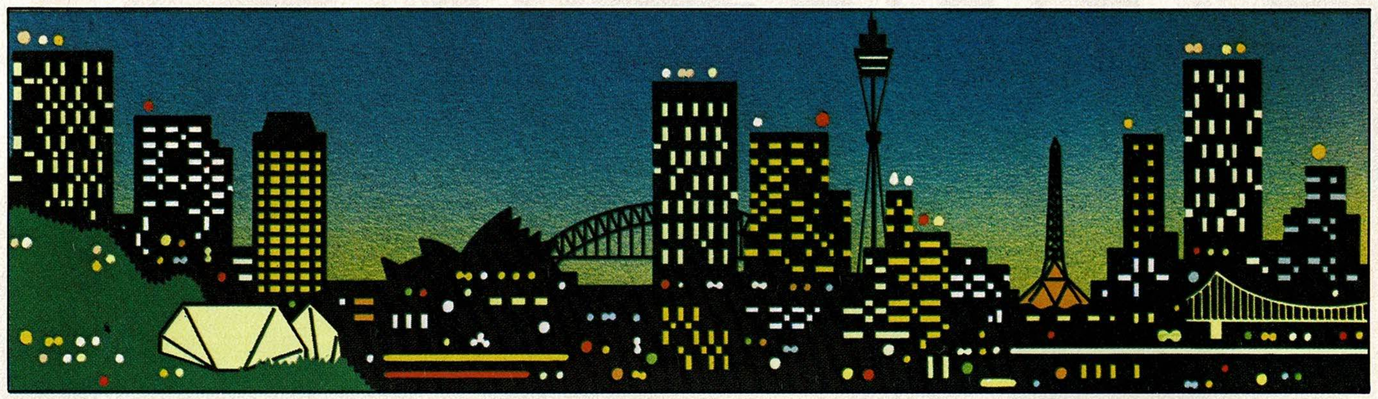
PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS



FAMILY LAW

Report on the state of reason in the Middle East: Islamic law permits a man four wives, providing he can support them all and treats them equally. Despite the difficulties inherent in that last stipulation, a pamphlet, *Polygamy In Islam,* argues that polygamy "is a better solution than either divorce or the hypocritical pretence of morality".

Polyandry, or plurality of husbands, on the other hand, is unacceptable for several reasons. Among them: "Psychologically speaking, the woman is monogamous by her very nature." The head of the family, it reasons, is the husband, and there cannot be two heads; and with a mental flourish it asks: "If a woman is married to more than one husband, which would be the father of her children?"

SIGN LANGUAGE

When Chuck Pinnow moved The Hot Dog, his Burbank, California, frankfurter stand, four blocks, he also enlarged the sign that carried its long-time motto: "Where eight inches is just average." The new, more prominent sign didn't sit well with residents, who called the council and also flooded Pinnow with complaints. Pinnow ended up defending himself at the city council meeting and in the press, citing, as a defence, other fast food outlets with even gamier slogans, if not food.

Within a few miles he found "Had a piece lately?" (pizza), "You can't beat our meat" (burgers) and " Eat a big weenie " (hot dogs, we hope). The city council was duly impressed and Pinnow got to keep his sign.

DRESSING DOWN

When the US tax department disallowed Dinah Shore's deduction on gowns she wore on TV as a business expense, the star did not take it sitting down. Well, that's just the way the tax heavies wanted it. They permitted the write-off as long as each dress was too tight to sit down in. The provision, still on the tax department books, is known as the "Dinah Shore ruling". Let's give it a standing ovation.

WATERTIGHT DEFENCE

A Canadian driver who rear-ended another car was acquitted of driving without due care and attention when he explained to the judge that he had a live crab wriggling around his crotch. The man and a friend had bought three live crabs and were driving home to have them for dinner with their girlfriends.

The companion, who was reportedly drunk, took the crabs out of the package and started placing them around the car. The driver said he had no reason to expect that his friend would drop a crab in his lap. "I've never seen him do anything irrational like that before," he told the judge. "Thank you, sir," replied the judge. "You've given me an afternoon I'll never forget."

GRACE UNDER PRESSURE

Rod Stewart, arrested in his Porsche on Hollywood's Sunset Boulevard and charged with driving while intoxicated, reportedly still found the time to sign autographs for his fans while officials were leading him away.

BUM STEER

In America the Colorado Court Of Appeals has upheld a $1.1 million lawsuit award against the Dow Chemical Co, because a solution to control lice caused impotence in the offspring of some farmer's prize bull. The brahman, known as Sugar Bull, sired a youngster called Super Rex. But Rex wasn't so super. He wasn't very good at doing what bulls are supposed to be very good at doing. He was sterile and the farmer blamed the cattle dip. So next time you're in the bush, don't go falling in any cattle dip. There's no way your nuts are worth a million bucks.

A MAN'S WORLD

Sheikh Mohammed Abu-Zidun was recently blessed by the birth of a son but was reportedly not overly impressed. The sheikh already has 43 children and two of his four wives are pregnant. The sheikh, who is a Bedouin living in Israel's Negev Desert, said that if he had it all to do again he would have less children.

HARD LOSER

A passionate Pom named Stephen Bolton was convicted of several offences, including kidnapping, in England recently after he took a girlfriend's rejection rather badly. Poor Stephen thought he'd impressed his new lady friend no end when he screwed her four times in the one night — just a sample of what she could expect in marriage. The lucky girl, nurse Angela Macklin, wasn't impressed and rejected Stephen's proposal. Well, you know how hard nurses are to please, so Stephen kidnapped Angela and held her captive in his car for four days. At one point he drove to a cliff and threatened to throw her over if she didn't agree to marry him.

These Pommie sheilas are made of stern stuff, though. She still refused and eventually Stephen was nabbed by the law. Pleading for leniency, Stephen's lawyer told the judge: "His passions ran away with him." The judge sympathised and Stephen got off with a 12-month suspended sentence. Angela, it seems, has moved on to bigger and better things.

JAWS IV

A Quakertown, Pennsylvania, woman settled a suit stemming from a car accident in which she received a broken jaw. She alleged that the injury "diminished her ability to enjoy oral sex with her husband". She asked $95,000 in damages, which was countered with a $15,000 offer from the defendant. The suit was settled for an undisclosed amount.

LIFE IMITATES CHUCK NORRIS

The recent Chuck Norris bash-'em-up film, *Code Of Silence,* has a comic bit in which two hoods try to stick up a cop bar. Around the same time the flick was released in California, Wayne Whitworth was attempting to flee an armed robbery he allegedly committed. He ducked into a high school sports park where a softball game was in progress, and tried to lose himself in the crowded bleachers. Turned out it was a crowd of cops — the police league was playing. Whitworth was charged with robbing a patron in a movie theatre.

MOVE UP OR MOVE OVER

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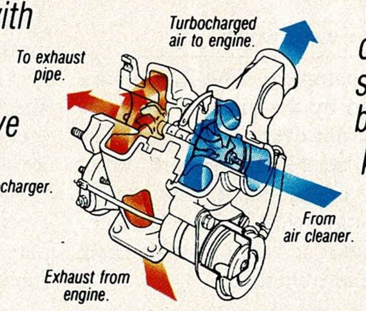

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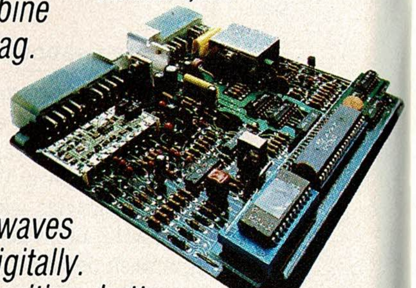

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Y&R MITRMO55

BOOZE

Some say there's a fight in every bottle. We reckon rum is the most virile, versatile drop around.

Despite more or less frantic efforts by the advertising industry, one of the problems with rum is that it has suffered from a bad press at all levels of society. It is the aggro member of the booze family.

In Australia at least, that image dates back to the earliest days of white settlement when rum was just about the only drink available, was frequently adulterated and at times very nearly poisonous. It was also taken in menacing quantities: one early settler, for instance, is reported to have casually mentioned that before setting out from Sydney to walk to Parramatta he downed a half-pint pannikin of neat rum to start him on his journey.

In the upper-class version of things, rum suffered a severe social setback following Winston Churchill's speech to the British House of Commons in which he referred to the traditions of the Royal Navy as being "rum, sodomy and the lash".

And even one's own local barman is fond of stating when serving you with a tot of the stuff, "There's a fight in every bottle, you know."

In fact, in my part of the country (which by Australian standards has fairly severe winters), it is regarded more as a medicine than anything else. You take a belt of rum to keep out the cold and then get down to drinking something that you actually *like* drinking. You know, something really nice, such as flagon muscat.

And on the fighting note, if one is that way inclined, one can get a fairly decent rumpus going on a bottle of Moet and Chandon champagne, but no one goes around claiming that champagne drinkers are basically vulgar.

To top off the record of rum denigration, even when it was promoted in past years, together with that meat extract, Bonox, as a good hot winter drink, they couldn't even give it a decent name; nothing as nice and simple as Brown Velvet, even. No, they had to call it Dad and Mum.

Rum didn't always have such a bad reputation. In Hogarth's London, for instance, it wasn't the "demon rum", it was the "demon gin". In the 18th century rum was much esteemed by the upper classes for hot and cold punches, and as a long drink it was served in special glasses known as rummers.

People who object to rum claim they do so on the grounds of its varnish-like color and its pungent odor. Both are additions. When it is first made, like any other spirit, it is colorless. If it is aged in barrels for a number of years it will eventually take on a light golden sheen. The black rums simply end up that way because of the addition of burnt sugar — the same burnt sugar that in the catering trade goes by the name of Parisian essence and is used to color up the gravy in meat pies. And during barrel ageing, especially if old barrels are used, its faint molasses-like flavor (rum is made from sugarcane molasses) strengthens.

However, following the success of Bacardi, a few other rum manufacturers have got into the act. The curious thing is that none of the other brands seem to have enjoyed the same popularity as Bacardi. I can vaguely remember a few Queensland Bacardi lookalikes but I'm damned if I can remember what their names were or even if they are still available. A pity, because white rum is a hellishly good summer spirit mixer. It's got taste but not too much. Compare a long rum and tonic, for instance, to a vodka and tonic, and you'll see what I mean.

In the dark varieties you can either buy imported rum (the Jamaican bestseller, Coruba, for example) or stick with the local products. Most rum drinkers have their favorites. Queensland's leathery Bundaberg, for instance, has an absolute cult following in Melbourne, of all places, even among members of the socialist Labor left who, one would think, would boycott anything from the Banana State.

I actually prefer Red Mill (overproof) and Frigate (underproof) by choice, although I'll drink all three of those mentioned quite happily.

As for the drinks themselves, the most time honored and best known is undoubtedly planter's punch. It originated in the West Indies and is therefore a great warm-weather cooler. The recipe I picked up for it some years ago (in the Pacific Islands actually), while obviously not original, is fairly venerable.

To make it one takes a measure each of light and dark rum, some sweetened lime juice, plus a little sweetened orange juice, some ice and soda water. One combines all the ingredients in a tall glass. The amount of soda water is up to the individual's taste; I like the drink to be very citrusy and only slightly bubbly. Some people prefer it the other way around. Actually it is one of those drinks that can be adjusted endlessly.

One rum drink that is very definitely upmarket (mainly because it was popularised by that very macho author, Ernest Hemingway) is the daiquiri. The cocktail is made with three parts of white rum to one part of fresh lime juice and a teaspoon of sugar. The ingredients are shaken vigorously with ice and strained into the appropriate cocktail glass. If it is poured over shaved ice in a large glass it is known as a frozen daiquiri. In many Australian cocktail bars, lemon juice is substituted but limes, I might add, are becoming increasingly easy to buy in this country so there's no excuse for that practice. Although limes haven't reached every greengrocer in the land, any half-decent one will have them in stock.

As for rum as an addition to food, it is generally associated with sweet things, the most popular being the rum baba. This is something that should not be made at home. The best idea is to search out a good French or pseudo-French pastry and cake shop and simply buy one.

Buy several for that matter. They are wonderfully rich desserts. The name of the thing makes no sense at all until one realises that a past and dotty European ruler gave the name "baba" to the cake after his favorite fictional character, Ali Baba of *The Arabian Nights* fame.

A dessert that can easily be made at home is bananas in rum. One needs two peeled bananas per person, some fine sugar, some orange juice, some butter, and rum to taste. Sprinkle the bananas with the sugar, melt the butter in a frying pan, and gently cook the bananas in it until they are golden and the sugar is browning nicely. Then add the orange juice (the juice of half a large orange is enough for two bananas) and finally, just before serving, a little dark rum. Serve with plain but not whipped cream.

So there you are, you see. Rum can be to a gentleman's taste. And you don't have to fight to drink it!

— RICHARD BECKETT

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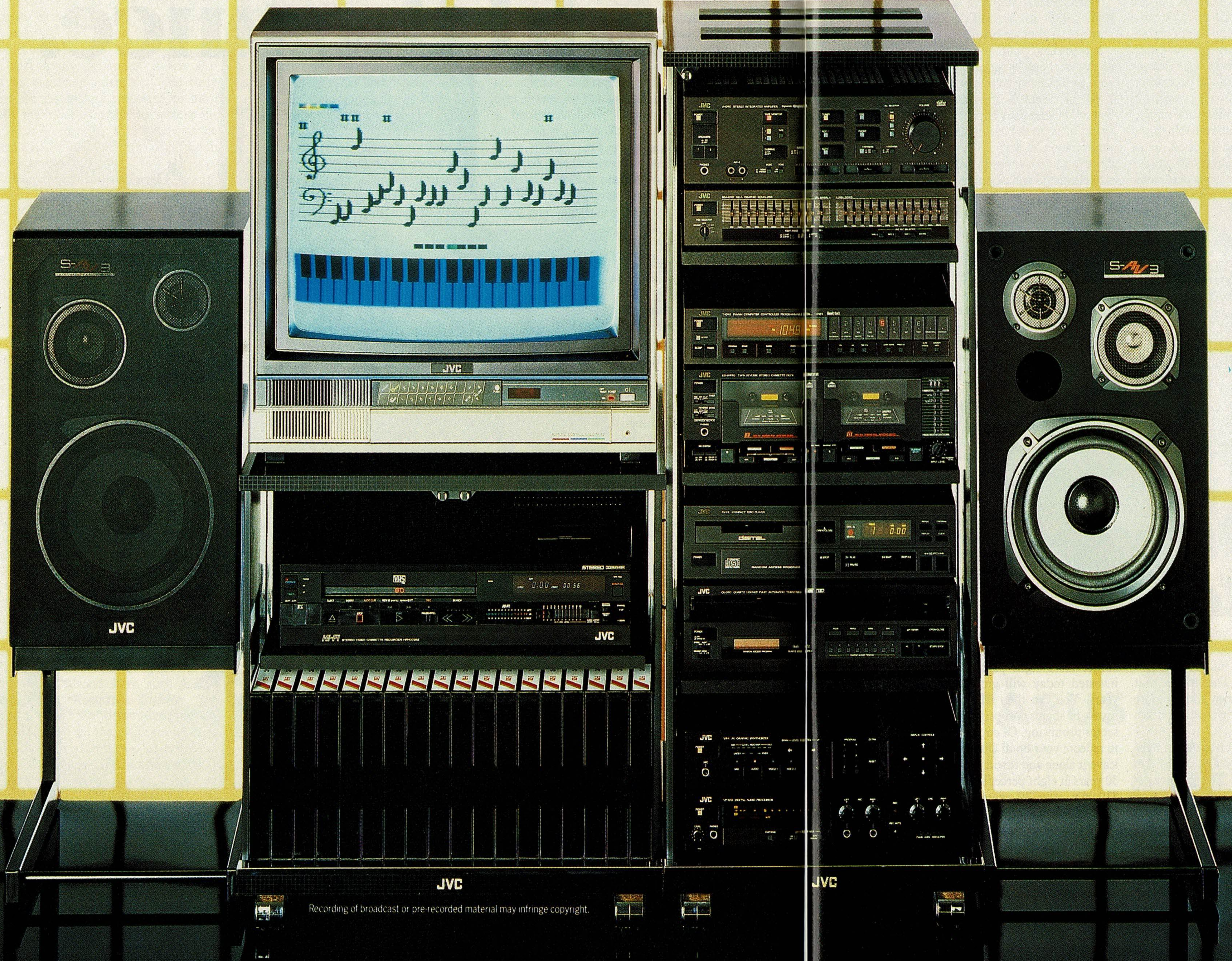
When you pay around $10,000 for a sound system you should see where every note goes.



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Just one look at the impressive JVC Crossmedia Series tells you this could be the ultimate sound system.

But, in fact, it's much more than that.

As its name suggests, it crosses a state-of-the-art audio system with an equally advanced video system.

It plays records, cassettes and AM/FM radio with precisely regulated power.

It plays compact discs with such an absence of distortion that wow and flutter become terms of another era.

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MONEY

Insurance bonds can protect your compound interest from the ravages of inflation and taxes.

Let's get right to the point. This is a column about making money and there is something you should know from the start: you will never have the great wealth we both know you deserve unless you first accumulate some investment capital. As Benjamin Franklin is reputed to have said, "Money makes money and the money that money makes makes more money."

For the average wage earner, the bloke without an inheritance, rich relatives or the knack of picking Melbourne Cup winners — in other words, for practically all of us — accumulating capital means saving a little out of each week's pay packet. It may sound boring (it *is* boring), but time, and the magic of compound interest, will make those savings grow.

And isn't that just what getting rich is all about?

Compound interest never fails to impress. Put $1000 into a savings account paying eight percent interest and in nine years, whether you are smart or dumb, careful or careless, you will have $1999. At 10 percent, your money will double in around seven years; at 14 percent, it takes only five years or so to double your initial stake.

If you want to know approximately how long it takes to double your invested money at various interest rates, simply divide the rate into 72.

Thus, money deposited at 12 percent will double in six years (72/12 = 6). I have no idea why this works, it just does.

Even when interest rates were much lower than they are today, the power of compounding was widely appreciated. In 1791, Benjamin Franklin (yes, the same one) left $5000 to the people of Boston to invest for 100 years and then to use for the public's benefit.

One hundred years later, the $5000 had grown to $322,000. A school was built and the remainder, $92,000, was socked away for another century. There are a few years left to go but more than $3 million has already been accumulated.

If compounding is good, it should be obvious that more compounding is even better. Thus, interest compounded quarterly will make your money grow faster than interest compounded yearly; monthly is better still and daily ("from day of deposit to day of withdrawal" as the building society ads say) is best of all. Accounts offering all three types of compounding are currently available from one or another financial institution but, if you have $1000 or more, you needn't do too much shopping around.

You can receive a high rate of interest compounded daily and still be able to get at your money when you need it by depositing it in a cash management trust.

There are 16 cash management trusts currently operating in Australia; although they differ in some specifics, all operate under the same general principle. Depositors' funds are pooled and used to buy short-term interest-bearing securities. Interest received by the trust, less management fees, is distributed to the depositors. Because of their large buying power, the trusts can diversify their investments and obtain volume discounts unavailable to the average investor. Although their rates fluctuate, cash management trusts always pay more, and sometimes a great deal more, than banks do on their passbook savings accounts.

I know what you're thinking. This is all too good to be true, there must be a catch. Well, you are wrong. There are actually two catches: inflation and taxes. Let's look at inflation first. If you deposit $5000 at 10 percent interest compounded yearly, you will have $5500 at the end of the year. However, if inflation also increases by 10 percent over the same period, your $5500 will be worth no more than the $5000 you started with.

If inflation runs ahead of 10 percent, as it has more than once, you will actually be worse off than when you started.

For the past two years, inflation has run at less than 10 percent. This means that interest payments have been adding more to the value of deposits than inflation has taken away.

Unfortunately, even if this situation were to last for the next few years, depositors might still not be ahead. The problem is income tax.

If you are taxed at 30 cents in the dollar and receive $50 in interest, you only get to keep $35. If you are in, say, a 50 percent bracket, congratulations, you get to keep $25.

As you may imagine, taxes play havoc with the rule that says you can tell how long it takes money to double by dividing the interest rate into 72.

For those in a 50 percent tax bracket, $1000 deposited at 12 percent doesn't double in six years, it takes 12. Talk about getting rich slowly.

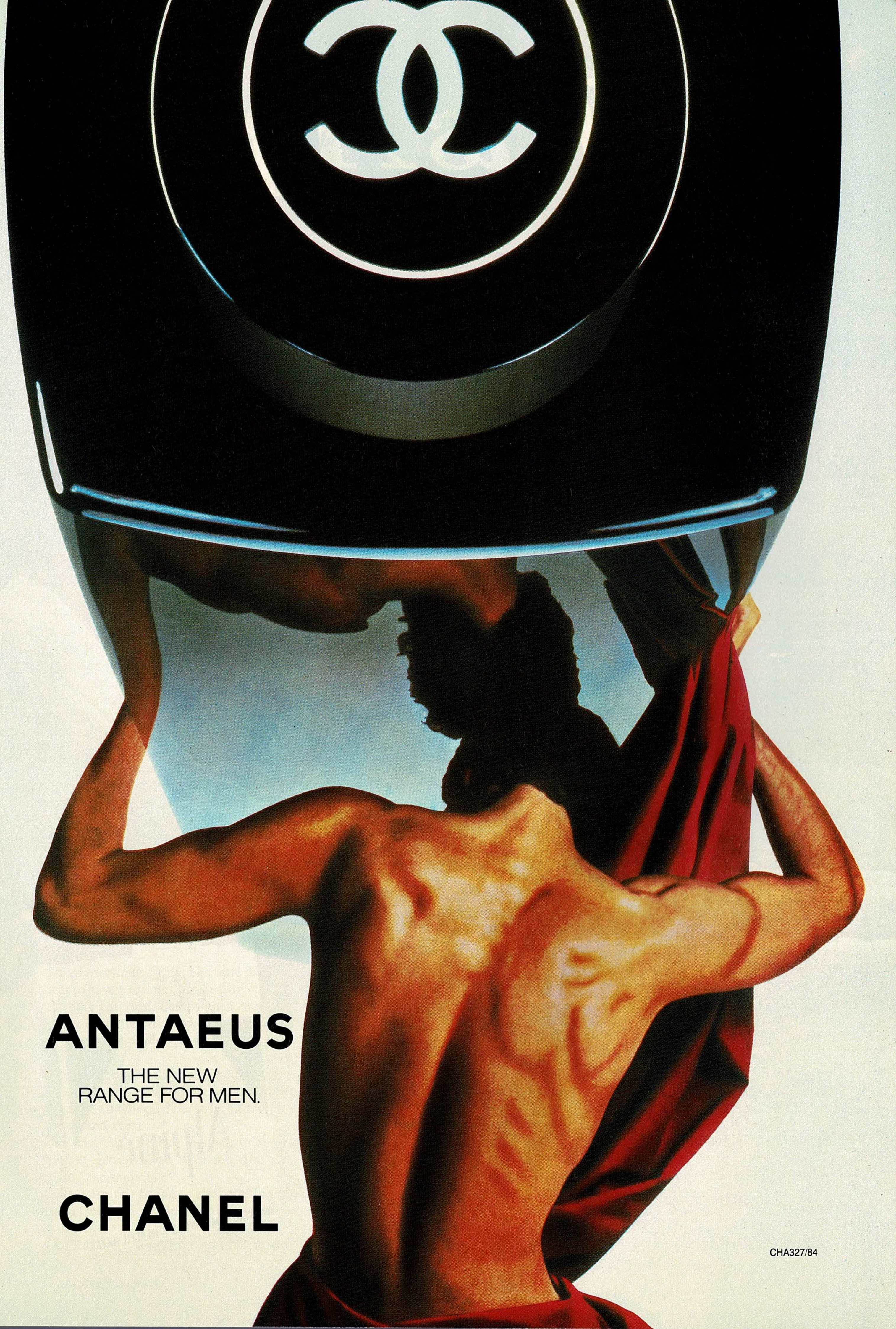
Fortunately, there is a way out. If you have $1000 or so and some degree of patience, insurance bonds provide a way of compounding your money tax free. An insurance bond is simply a deposit made with an insurance company or agent such as AMP or Scottish Amicable instead of a bank. The company invests your money in shares or interest-bearing securities or some combination of both. No income is paid directly to you. Instead, each year's profits are reinvested and permitted to compound. When you redeem the bond, you receive back your initial deposit plus all of the compounded profits less management fees. And here is the good part. If you wait 10 years before redeeming, the profits are yours to keep, tax free. That's right, no income tax at all; the insurance company has already paid it.

If you redeem before 10 years, you do pay some tax but at a reduced rate because you are credited with part of the tax paid by the company.

Over the past three years, insurance bonds have been returning 14 to 15 percent interest. It is unlikely that such high returns can be maintained forever, but even if we assume a conservative eight percent payout, $1000 invested today will grow to $2159 in 10 years. You can then take that money and invest in shares, property or whatever else seems promising. Of course, you don't have to redeem your bond after 10 years; you can leave it alone and it will keep earning. After 30 years at eight percent, $1000 will grow to $10,063; after 40 years, it will be worth $21,725.

If you put $1000 into insurance bonds each year for 30 or 40 years, you will be able to retire in comfort.

Indeed, you will have become wealthy without having to worry about "investing" at all. — SETH GREGORY



WOMEN

You think men living in big cities are suave and slick? Women reckon they're irretrievably awful.

I'm not sure, but what I think is about to transpire here is the temporary crack-up of a columnist. I've been trying to be good, and fair, and understanding about men, that's my job. And I've always been quite sure that basically I adore men. But I'm fed up, the vitriol is about to boil over. I desperately need to have a temper tantrum. Who can blame me? I live in a big city.

Do you know what men in big cities are like? They are truly, irretrievably awful. They are smug, arrogant, self-indulgent, narcissistic and immature. They are lousy lovers. They are worse friends. In their spare time, they dedicate themselves to breaking a woman's spirit. They have absolutely no redeeming features. But that doesn't stop us trying to redeem them.

Case Number One: Joe.

Lily probably fell for Joe because she had just spent three years living with an unreconstructed chauvinist, and Joe was a real Alan Alda fan and knew just how to come on as a sensitive guy.

"Hey, I'm a sensitive guy," Joe would tell Lily as he pursued her relentlessly for months. He would lurk outside her house, or call her in the morning and breathe soulfully, or tell her he simply couldn't make it through the day unless he saw her.

"But don't you have a girlfriend?" Lily would ask.

Joe's face would cloud over. He would explain patiently that he had moved out, even though his old girlfriend wanted him back desperately, that she was threatening suicide, but he just didn't think he was in love with her anymore.

He knew for sure he wasn't sexually attracted to his girlfriend any more, he would say as he grabbed for Lily's breast.

"I think I'm beginning to weaken," Lily told her friends, "after all, he told Cathy he hoped I wanted children, so the guy must be serious."

We all encouraged Lily. Not only did Joe appear to have a real job, unlike Lily's usual fare, but Joe had campaigned heavily amongst us, letting us know how he adored Lily, if only she would give him a chance to make her happy.

Lily saw Joe at his office and told him she was beginning to weaken. He immediately attacked her and begged her to let him screw her then and there.

The next day, Joe had to speak to her.

"Don't get involved with me, I'm no bargain," he said.

"What are you trying to say here, Joe?" Lily kept asking as Joe described his sadness and misery.

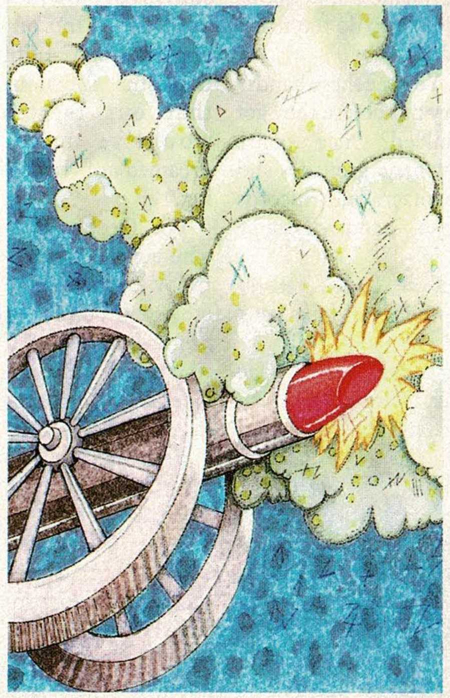
"Well there's someone else," he finally said. No, not his old girlfriend. Someone else who he had been seeing before she moved interstate. "We were really in love," he said, "but she got this fantastic job offer and she couldn't say no."

"Let me get this straight," Lily said, "you've been mooning around me for months. Yesterday I tell you we should give it a try. You attack me. Today you tell me you're in love with someone else."

"You know what happens to me a lot?" said Joe. "Women are always falling in love with me. I don't know why. They get all excited about me, think I'm going to marry them or something."

No, Lily didn't break his kneecaps.

Reader, this is no isolated incident. If space and stamina permitted, I could give you a thousand variations of the above "get them to like you and then smash them in the face" theme. Let us proceed.



Case Number Two: Trevor.

Trevor cannot live without his girlfriend. He phones her constantly, asking why she threw him out.

"I threw you out because I supported you for two years and you wouldn't even do the dishes. You left mouldy tuna sandwiches under the bed. You did your own laundry but never mine. You'd spill honey on the living-room floor and leave it there. You wore my jumper and ruined it and told me I was being materialistic when I got upset."

"Don't bother me with petty domestic details," Trevor said, "I'm an artist."

"Well, how about this? You constantly told me how neurotic I am. How weak and stupid I am. You marvelled aloud that you put up with me at all. You told me that to prove I loved you I should lose 10 kilos."

"I love you so much. You're so beautiful, so smart and so wonderful. I'll change. I know I've been difficult, but things were hard for me. They're better now. I know you've been hurt. I'm sorry." Trevor kept saying these things, over and over, every day.

She took him back, he hates her again.

Case Number Three: Wally, who spent the night with another woman on the day his girlfriend had an abortion.

Case Number Four: Stephen, who withholds his sperm for religious reasons.

Case Number Five: My ex-husband, who has not even tried to make contact with our son in five years, who doesn't even call our son on his birthday, who didn't give me a cent even when I was on social services, who once wrote our son a postcard in which he promised to write every week and never wrote again. . .

That I must stop immediately. It is definitely bad form to plunk unvarnished real life in the middle of a column.

I am just so cataclysmically angry. My rage, if unleashed, could destroy the entire east coast of Australia. I am so furious, I am no longer cute. I am a foul, seething lump of malevolence. Don't come near me.

Here's the worst part. We collude in our own mistreatment. When a man mistreats us, we don't say, "Eat shit, crawl under a rock and die, you bloody bastard." We don't say anything. We go home and call up our friends.

"You'll never guess what he did this time," we say.

"My God, what?" they ask.

"He threw the ham I cooked for him in my face and then seduced my downstairs neighbor. What'll I do?"

"Oh, the poor man," they say, "he's so screwed up. He only acts that way because he's so dependent on you."

"Jesus," we say, "he really needs therapy, it's probably his early toilet training.

"I never did like his mother."

"Absolutely, he has the earmarks of lousy toilet training all over him," they say, "why don't you paint your house a pale aqua, that's supposed to work for men with early trauma."

"Good idea! Do you think I should call him?"

"That's a good idea. He's probably miserable, poor thing."

And we do! We call! We must be out of our minds!

— CYNTHIA HEIMEL

MEN

First Blood III: Rambo And The Three Bears, or can you peel potatoes with that combat knife?

Well yes, I'm tough. I'm surprised you even had to ask. I was a commando. I killed a tiger snake. I fought in a boxing tournament. I'm so macho my dog calls me Butch. Come on, readers, how could you doubt that I'm tough?

Is it the apron? Don't tell me it's the apron. This is a perfectly respectable apron.

I don't like the frills on it, but I have to wear an apron when I'm baking bread and making soup and cleaning the oven and doing the dishes.

Soup? I make a great lentil soup. I put a package of lentils in three quarts of boiling water and cook them for about half an hour. Then I throw in leeks and carrots and onions and parsley and garlic and lemon rinds and celery, lots of celery.

Bread? Cornbread, mostly. High in nutrition, easy to make, no mess afterwards.

You see, I just don't like to do too many dishes.

Yes, I do the dishes. You see these hands? Do you know what they did before they got tiny and red and wrinkled? Once upon a time these hands threw hand grenades and pulled lanyards on howitzers and ripcords on parachutes. These hands became proficient in karate.

Listen, you take these hands out of dishwater for a couple of days and they look like a real man's hands.

I do windows, sure. In fact, there's not a job around the house that I don't do. I clean the cat litter and do the laundry and fix a lot of meals and shop for groceries and spend time with my kids.

I'm a regular Mr Mom, and you'd all better believe there are a lot of us out there.

That's a big secret, by the way. Most women won't agree with it, either. "A lot of Mr Moms?" they will ask. "Just find one for me, would you? My husband won't wash his own socks, let alone the baby's nappies."

I used to buy that argument, but I don't any more. I think men are making big contributions at home. And I think it is definitely a story you don't hear much about. Men are becoming Mr Moms out of necessity.

Between working wives and working husbands, survival depends on everyone pitching in and doing as much as possible to keep the house going.

Maybe we should have a term for all the change we're going through. Let's call it cultural spin.

Culture is, after all, a real and concrete thing in our lives, the culmination of all outside forces that try to shape, use, modify, exploit and entertain us. Our culture is spinning like a top, and most of us are learning ways to stay on board.

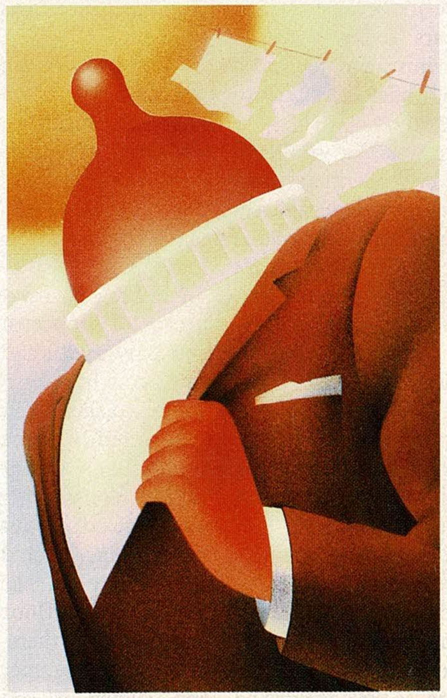
When it comes to cultural spin, men have truly been spun.

In the past 20 or so years almost nothing has remained constant, and nowhere is that more true than in the question of sex roles at home.

Just who is supposed to do the dishes, anyway? Who's in charge of the cleaning, the cooking, the child-raising?

The answers are being worked out in new forms of negotiation and compromise, but this much is certain: the home where the husband is pampered and coddled and uninvolved with his family is distinctly a thing of the past.

Becoming a Mr Mom is not easy. There are few role models for the job, and we work by improvisation, learning as we go. We suck in our guts, tuck our egos in our pockets, and fulfil domestic functions that our fathers would've never dreamed of fulfilling.



For those of you who are just becoming Mr Moms, here are some household hints from a man who has been an outstanding mother in his time.

Remember as you read that you are not alone, and the sooner we men admit that we're all Mr Moms these days, the better off we'll be:

(i) Even though fatigued, harassed, and at your wits' end after a day of baby-sitting and bottle-washing, do *not* use the cat litter as a sandbox for your children.

For one thing, they will simply splash around and spread litter all over the floor which you will then have to sweep up. They may even decide to eat it, too.

(ii) Fathers undergoing the quite painful transition into Mr Momism need to learn playground etiquette before they take their children out to play.

There are several rules:

a) fathers should always stand by the swings and should not speak to other mothers unless spoken to;

b) if your child gets into a fight by the see-saw and bashes some kid in the nose, do not openly gloat; say "No, no, Daddy says no" and spank the child lightly, but don't forget to give the kid a sip of your beer when you get home;

c) there is a code you must learn if you are to succeed as a Mr Mom on the playground: if an attractive mother sidles over to you and says, "I really admire men who involve themselves in child-raising," what she is really saying is "This playground routine bores the shit out of me, so what'll it be, my place or yours?" Your response depends on what you want, but if you ask her, "What time does the ice cream truck come by?", the hour she mentions will be the time her husband gets home.

(iii) If you find yourself lapsing into baby talk at cocktail parties ("Doesums wantums 'nother drinkums, baby poo?") or retreating to the host's bedroom to watch *Sesame Street* reruns, there's a chance you've overdosed on Mr Momism. Don't worry. It happens to everybody sooner or later.

I knew I was in trouble when I began writing the alphabet in red crayon on the kitchen walls while singing songs from *The Sound of Music.*

It's just a phase.

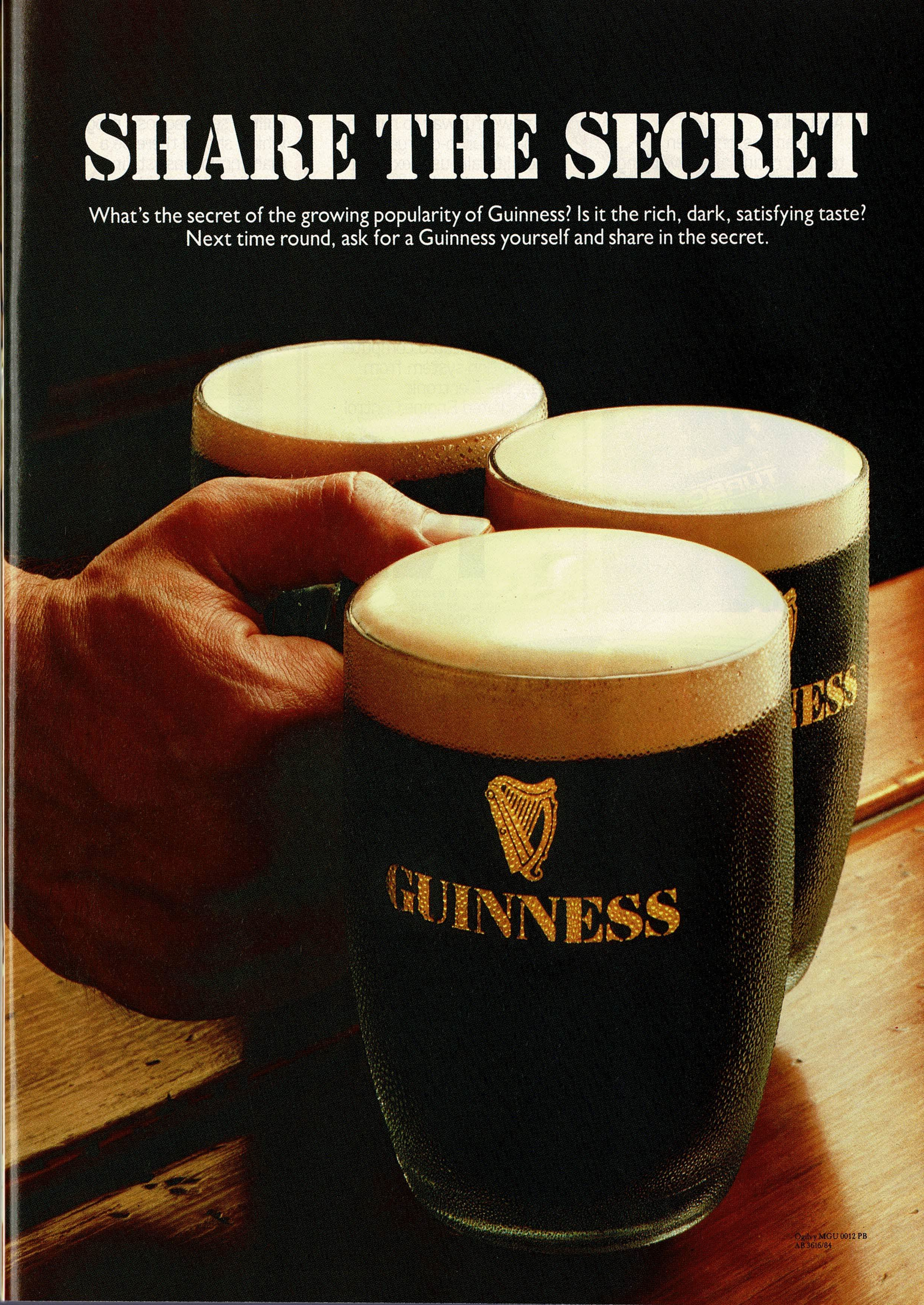
What you need at that point is my Mr Mom Survival Kit. It includes things that will remind you you're a full-blooded male, such as a Rambo rubber duck, a "Go ahead, make my day" apron made out of black parachute silk, four Heavy Hands baby bottles that allow you to flex while feeding, a year's supply of camouflage nappies, the Green Beret guerilla warfare coloring book, and a plastic Uzi sub-machine-gun that looks like the real thing but shoots oatmeal.

And whatever you do, don't cop all that crap at kindy, where all the notices are addressed to the mums alone: "Kindergarten mums are requested to make a cake for fete day, or at least to provide the ingredients." You can make a cake just as good as any of those other damn mums.

Be brave. March up to the supervisor, look her straight in the eye and insist that all notices make reference to the dads as well.

Hell yes, you're tough.

— ASA BABER



SHARE THE SECRET

What's the secret of the growing popularity of Guinness? Is it the rich, dark, satisfying taste?
Next time round, ask for a Guinness yourself and share in the secret.

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The Nissan Turbo Team

It's no accident that Nissan leads the way with factory turbo-charged vehicles in Australia.

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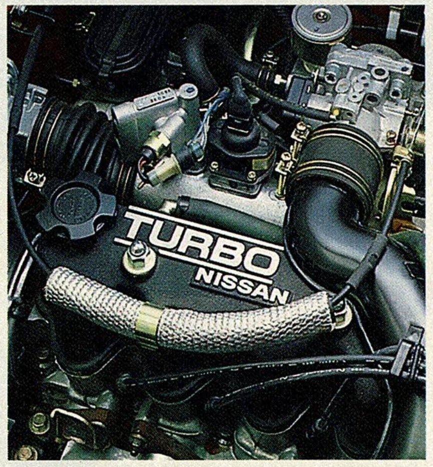

What is turbo charging?

Put simply turbo charging is probably the most efficient and powerful way to run an engine. A turbo-charged vehicle literally uses exhaust gases that would normally be discarded by a conventional engine to drive a turbo-charger – resulting in more power and torque.

What about fuel efficiency?

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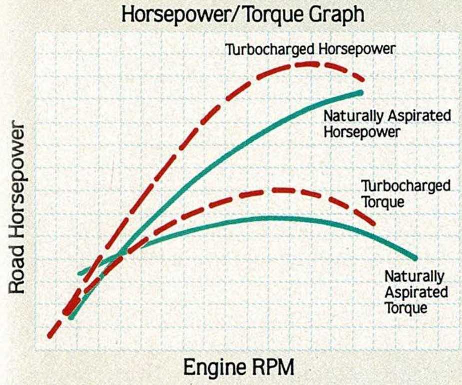

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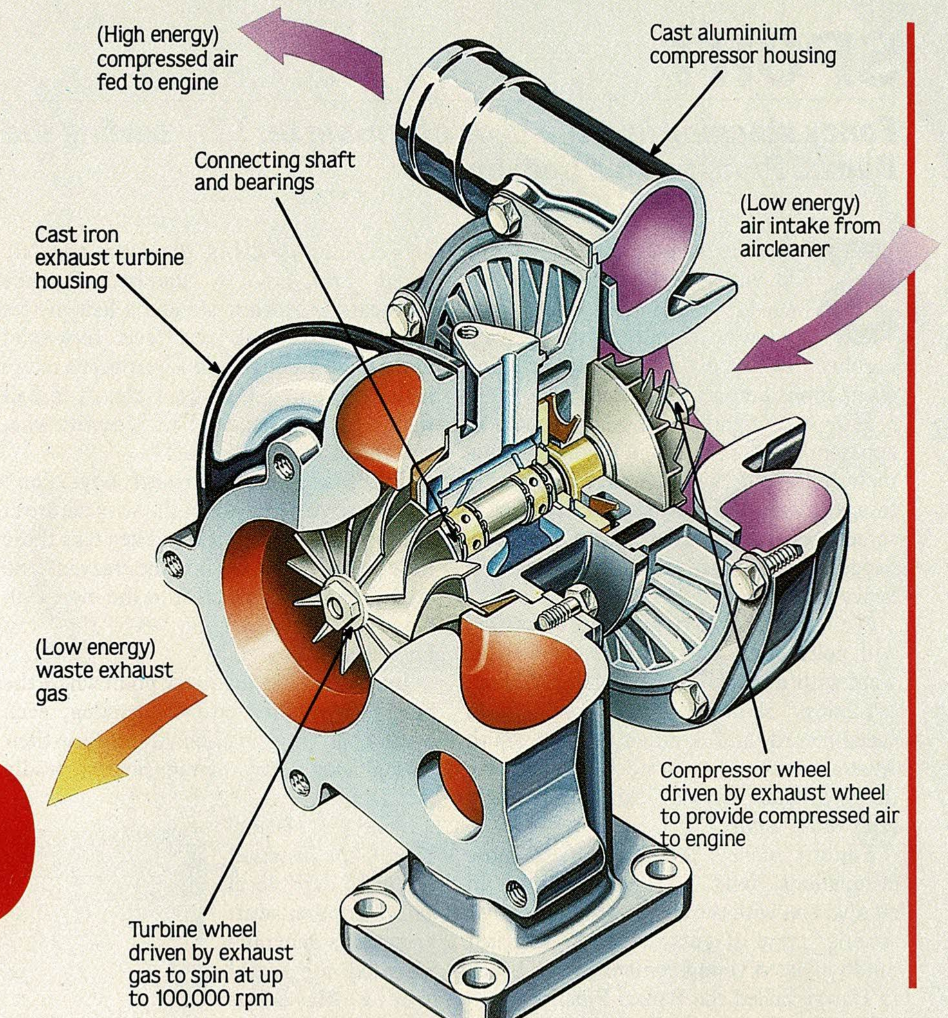
(High energy) compressed air fed to engine
Cast aluminium compressor housing
Connecting shaft and bearings
(Low energy) air intake from aircleaner
Cast iron exhaust turbine housing
(Low energy) waste exhaust gas
Compressor wheel driven by exhaust wheel to provide compressed air to engine
Turbine wheel driven by exhaust gas to spin at up to 100,000 rpm
(High energy) exhaust gas from engine

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SPORT

Fancy stepping into the jaws of a monster? Try surfing the Banzai Pipeline on a bodyboard.

Sane, calm people like you and me — folk with a healthy respect for our own life and limb — might look somewhat askance at the growing number of wild and crazy sporting occupations around these days.

Why, we might ask, should a bunch of apparently intelligent individuals hang their hides out over the edge doing silly things in extraordinary situations, when it sometimes seems as if there's enough danger lurking just crossing the road in heavy traffic?

Well, perhaps we're not quite so stuffed with poltroonery. But the fact is there are — what with motorbike racing, hang-gliding, skydiving, skijumping, breaking world speed records and skindiving off the South Australian coast — some truly fearsome thrills available in the field we laughingly refer to as "sport".

For my money, though, most of those occupations tend to fade slightly in comparison with the absurd risks taken by a singular crew of gutsy, very fit and just mildly twisted young gentlemen at a beach in Hawaii called the Banzai Pipeline.

The Pipeline is tucked away in a sunny corner of paradise on the main island of Oahu, and in the Hawaiian summer it's one of the calmest stretches of aquamarine tropical ocean one could ever hope to witness.

However, things get a little different during the winter, when giant storms far to the north-west of the Hawaiian chain push the biggest surf in the world into Hawaiian beaches.

In those winter months many dangerous surfing spots come alive, but none match the ferocious intensity of Pipeline. Surfing at "The Pipe" is like stepping into the jaws of a huge beast. Hundreds of tons of water come charging in with each wave from the very depths of the North Pacific and slam headlong into a razor-sharp lava reef. Often, there's only a metre between that savage reef and the crushing impact of the wave's curl.

It's wild enough if you're riding a conventional surfboard, but the crew I'm talking about go way beyond that. They ride bodyboards.

What's a bodyboard? Well, it's the kind of thing a regular Aussie boardrider sneers at: a thin, soft piece of layered plastic, roughly square in appearance and around the size of eight Australian PLAYBOYS laid together, the board with which your kid brother cracks his first wave before casting it aside in favor of the "adult" fibreglass stand-up version.

Of course, there are a lot of differences between the two, but the main ones are length and flex. A standard Pipeline surfboard is at least two and a half metres from nose to tail, and feels rock-solid underfoot. A bodyboard is just over a metre in length, and can be bent almost in half with your bare hands. This is hardly what you might call tough stuff.

The Hawaiian bodyboard boys don't seem to have heard about the sissy nature of their equipment, however. They take those little bits of plastic out into the crazy inferno of Pipeline and take off into the most evil, bloodcurdling, dredging wave they can find. And they love it!

Indeed, it's getting to the point where the best bodyboarders are challenging, even overtaking, the conventional surfers in their daring feats at this extraordinarily deadly location.

Take Daniel Kaimi, for instance, a huge, dark local with a hundred-watt grin who's generally regarded the world over as Mr Bodyboard, and renowned for one move that's yet to be matched by any normal everyday guy on his feet.

Big Daniel lets himself be drawn up the face of the wave, board and all, and just at the moment when he's about to be launched from the very apex of the curl he throws himself backward, upside down, into free-fall. All this takes so little time the spectator can't quite be sure it's happening. Then Daniel lands like a big prone cat at the wave base and twitches himself clear of the curl's explosion with effortless grace, grinning insanely all the while. Not even the world champion in the conventional field, Tom Carroll, can pull that one.

There are others: Jack "The Ripper" Lindholm from California's Oceanside, who broke new ground with a half-kneeling stance to gain greater flex and control on his soft board; Mike Stewart from Kona, Hawaii, world champ three times running, whose bodyboarding talents have made him a rich man thanks to lucrative American sponsorship deals; J.P. Patterson, who got bored with Pipeline and tried on the legendary Waimea Bay for size, nearly dying for his pains when caught by the biggest wave anyone had seen in Hawaii for a decade.

Australia is represented, too, in this wild field, notably by Evan Penglis, a young man from Sydney's Maroubra Beach. Evan's been to Hawaii on three occasions, each time in the winter surf season. Last year he managed a very creditable eighth in the world bodyboard championships held, you guessed it, at Pipeline.

"I love surfing that place," says Evan with an air of grim determination. "I've been out in some pretty big surf there, and it's not always a pleasant feeling.

"There is definitely fear," he is prepared to admit, "but you have to learn to use it for yourself. I've had fantastic surfs at Pipeline, but I've had some horrifying wipeouts, too."

Evan is aware of the major risks involved, but he thinks in some ways the bodyboarders are safer than the standard riders. "A bodyboard is simpler to ride; you don't have the problem of nosediving like a normal surfer. Plus you don't have to worry about your board hitting you because it's nice and soft."

Some things are more difficult, he concedes.

"Doing a turn from the bottom of the wave is incredibly hard. You have to wait until just the right moment before pulling it off. I've been hit so hard at the bottom of waves out there, I couldn't believe it. Luckily it's always been toward the end of a surf session."

Evan admires Daniel, Mike Stewart and the others, and he's keen to get back to Hawaii in December this year to have another shot at the world crown. But it's *more* than that.

It has to be Pipeline. There just isn't anything like it. Yeah, Evan, but why? Why does anyone take such incredible risks in the first place?

He reflects: "It's like anything, I suppose — the more the risk, the more the reward. It's really quite simple."

Okay, who can argue with that?

— NICK CARROLL

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SHOWBIZ

Bryan Brown doubles his chances as a private eye but Debbie Byrne's Rebel is the surprise hit.

NUGGETS AMONG THE DROSS: Despite fears that the Australian film industry is being run solely for the benefit of accountants and tax lawyers, there was a remarkable number of nuggets among the dross at this year's AFI awards screenings, quite apart from the big names that carried off the major prizes. *The Empty Beach* stood out, with **Bryan Brown** finally managing to galvanise himself into acting as **Peter Corris's** private eye, Cliff Hardy, a role Brown identifies with so much that he has bought the rights to several of the other novels in the series. As in all the best detective yarns the plot is baffling, but Hardy's action-packed odyssey around Bondi makes it well worth going along for the ride. The beach never looked better — or more sinister.

Full-on drama from The Empty Beach.

•

BETTER WITH PEPSI?: Unfortunately *The Coca-Cola Kid* is a waste of the talented **Greta** *(Heat And Dust, Waterfront)* **Scacchi** and doesn't do much for American **Eric** *(Star 80)* **Roberts** either. The script has been tidied up considerably since its origins as stories in **Frank Moorhouse's** sensational collection *The Americans, Baby,* presumably to make it easy for imported Yugoslavian director **Dusan Makavejev** to understand what was going on. On-set feuding between Scacchi and Roberts can't have helped, but only **Bill Kerr** as an irascible rival soft drink manufacturer emerges with much credit. Presumably the producers calculated if they imported the director of *WR: Mysteries Of The Organism* and *Sweet Movie* from behind the Iron Curtain they'd get fireworks; instead they ended up with quaint shots of kangaroos in aeroplanes being taken to the vet, kangaroos with broken paws, bushies on camels. . . you know, the real Australia.

•

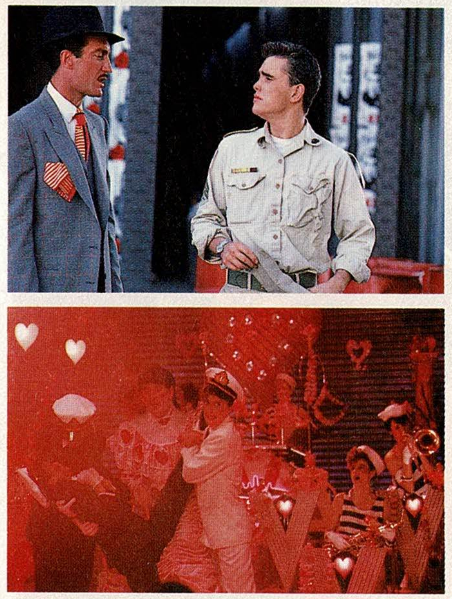
WATCH OUT, GILLIAN ARMSTRONG: What Australians do really well is little films like *Fran* from new female director **Glenda Hambly,** in which **Noni Hazelhurst** shines in a role which carries echoes of her award-winning performance in *Monkey Grip,* although she is all but outshone once again by a child actress, **Narelle Simpson,** who plays the pre-pubescent daughter she lets down so badly. Almost as good is the **Lee Remick** starrer, *Emma's War,* from another female director, **Clytie Jessop,** a gentle evocation of childhood in Sydney during World War II, with **Barry Otto's** daughter **Miranda** snatching the acting honors this time in the title role as Remick's teenage child. **Mark Lee** distinguishes himself in his first worthwhile role (as a "conshie") since *Gallipoli.* Also an honorable mention to **Jane Oehr's** *On The Loose,* already a hit at the Sydney Film Festival, but destined to be regarded as a hangover from last year's obsession with movies about disenchanted youth like *Street Hero* and *Fast Talking* (though much better than either).

•

BEST OF THE REST: About homegrown attempts at comedy such as *Emoh Ruo* ("Let's make a movie about a young couple moving out of a caravan into their first home, and there's this shady real estate man and shonky building society and so on"), the less said the better. It's oh so inoffensive and oh so banal and scarcely justified by the odd belly laugh. But just when you begin to despair, along comes a little gem like *A Street To Die,* starring **Chris Hayward,** surely the finest real actor in Australia today. *Street* explores in painstaking, heartbreaking detail the experiences of Col Turner, the first Vietnam veteran here or anywhere else in the world to establish a claim against the government for exposure to Agent Orange, in the face of the most appalling obstructionism by the medical profession and the bureaucracy. Full marks too to **Jennifer Cluff** as the courageous wife who fights Col's battle through to victory after his inevitable, tragic death.

•

REBEL: THIS YEAR'S BIG ONE?: If there is going to be a big one this year outside of *Mad Max III: Beyond Thunderdome,* it has to be *Rebel,* which has a good chance of cracking it in the States on the strength of producer **Phillip Emanuel's** foresight in securing wooden-faced **Matt Dillon** for the title role. However, *Rebel* also demonstrates that **Debbie Byrne** has real star quality as the leader of a trio of girl singers fronting an all-girl band (all-girl, that is, except for **Ray Barrett** at the piano, and even he appears in drag for one memorable scene) in a Kings Cross nightclub catering to American GIs on leave during World War II. This must be the nearest thing to an Australian musical in the Hollywood tradition, and it looks and sounds every bit as good, apart from set designer **Brian** *(Street Hero)* **Thompson's** regrettable obsession with pink. **Bryan Brown** impresses as a spiv and **Bill Hunter** is suitably menacing as the cop he seems to be typecast as lately. Based on **Bob Herbert's** hit play *No Names No Packdrill,* about a deserter holing up with a dance-hall girl, it looks like it cost at least ten times as much as its actual budget.



Rebel Dillon confronts spiv Brown while drag queen Barrett hams it up.

REELING AND ROCKING: Latest album from **Jimmy Buffett,** *Last Mango in Paris,* includes guest muso late of the **Eagles, Glenn** *(The Heat Is On)* **Frey,** now a star in his own right, plus the fondly remembered **Roy Orbison,** not to mention a whip-cracking appearance by Lost Ark Raider **Harrison Ford** on the song *Desperation Samba!. . . The Empty Beach,* the song from the film, is the first single lifted from **Marc Hunter's** solo album *Communication. . .* Believe it or not section: **Sting** plus icy cold **Meryl Streep** in torrid love scenes in their new film *Plenty. . .* Motown Records has purchased the rights to the **Marvin Gaye** bio by **David Ritz,** and there's already talk of **Jermaine Jackson** portraying Gaye. Says author Ritz of Motown, "They put up with Marvin for years and years; they understood his talent.". . . **Tom Fogerty** has started a book about **Creedence Clearwater Revival** to "clear up a lot of myths". . . There's a guy in New York renting out **Madonna** look-alikes. For $125 and up, one will come over in a bridal gown and sing *Like A Virgin. . .* English record producer **Mike Batt** came to Australia to put the finishing touches to a concept album, *The Hunting Of The Snark.*

The way the new turbocharged Rocky swallows highways you'd think it was made for them.

It was. There's a lot of ground to cover between city and country.

Motoring experts are lavish in their praise for Rocky Turbo's stump-pulling power — just the job for towing a boat or caravan. The 2.8 litre turbo diesel is capable of cruising all day at 135kph, yet thanks to the new five-speed gearbox and the whopping 24 per cent increase in torque, this latest Rocky is an even more versatile off-roader too.

And with all this extra poke you'll appreciate the increased stopping power of the new ventilated front discs. In fact, the entire braking system has been revised.

Rocky Turbo comes in two body types; the short wheelbase Hard Top and the long wheelbase Resin Top wagons. Both wagons have sunroofs as standard, while power steering and three-way adjustable fingertip suspension control are standard features on the EX luxury model wagon.

Now there are three new turbocharged ways to Go Rocky. And who builds Rocky anyway?

Roof rack illustrated is not standard equipment.

"Daihatsu. That's Who."

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PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: NIKI LAUDA

A candid conversation with the world Formula One motor racing champion on speed, survival, and the shenanigans of the international Grand Prix circus.

Without a doubt, Niki Lauda is the greatest motor racing driver of the past decade. Though his consistency at the wheel of a Formula One car has yielded him three world drivers championships, he remains an unpredictable character who shuns all the glamor and excitement surrounding his chosen sport.

As **Herbert Volker** *was completing the last of four sessions for this interview, rumors began circulating throughout the Formula One world that Lauda would not drive in next season's series of Grand Prixes. In fact, it was strongly speculated that he would not even see out the end of the 1985 tour, including the first Australian Formula One Grand Prix in Adelaide. Lauda answered the rumors publicly, announcing his retirement in front of his fellow countrymen at this year's Austrian Grand Prix. Usually, most of his talking gets done on the track. He proved in October last year that he was still an exceptionally skilled driver when he clinched his third Formula One championship from fellow McLaren team driver, Frenchman Alain Prost.*

Lauda won his first world championship in 1975 at the steering wheel of a Ferrari, but in the following year sustained major facial scarring in a horrific racing accident at Nurburgring, Germany. This failed to stop him and in 1977, still with Ferrari, he again won the world crown. Then, in the following season, he surprised the world by getting out of his car at Montreal in 1979, announcing his retirement and leaving the racing community to set up his own airline.

Business and industry, however, were probably more in Lauda's blood than racing. He was born on February 22, 1949, the son of a leading executive of a giant paper mill. His was a good Viennese family, and Niki was raised mostly by a nanny. When he took up car racing, his father almost disowned him: Lauda senior wanted to read about his boy in the news, but only in the business pages.

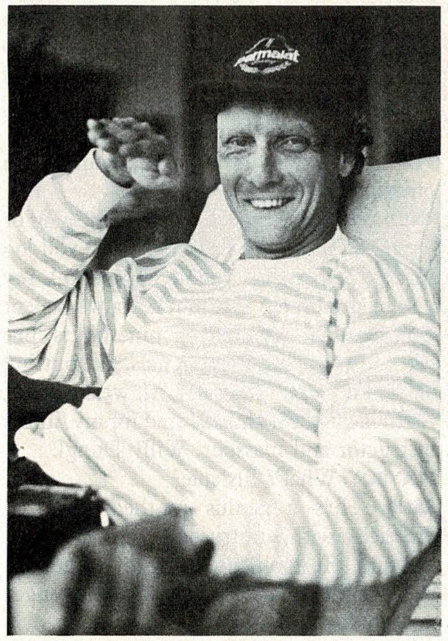
The legacy of his upbringing, however, has been an uncanny ability to think in several dimensions, and to secure his future, despite the risks. He made his way in Formula One with an outrageous personal loan that included life insurance and which would have taken a century to repay if he failed to drive well. The margin between being eaten up by the loan and breaking through with prize-monies was so slight that commentators couldn't go past the phrase, "He drove for his life," when looking to describe his impudence behind the wheel in those early years. But he came up with two world championships, received universal recognition when he jumped from the gravedigger's shovel after his crash at Nurburgring and forced Formula One prize-money into new dimensions.

He next concentrated on getting his jet-pilot's licence and, after announcing his retirement, established his own charter airline; then decided after a two-year break from the track he would go back into racing, asking more money for a drive and getting it.

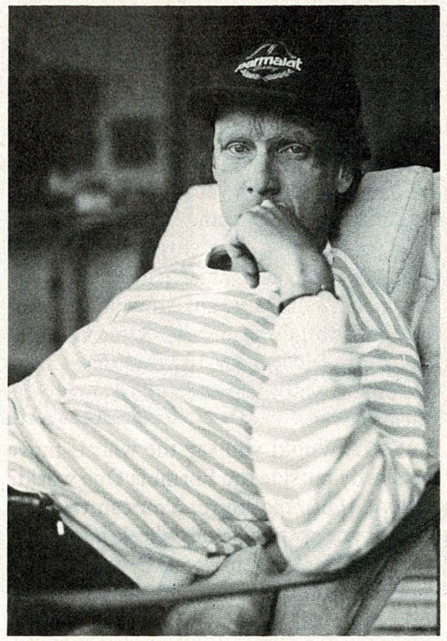
Throughout his very public career, Lauda has maintained a tight security around his private life. He married a beautiful model, Marlene Naus, the daughter of a prominent German scientist and former girlfriend of actor Kurt Jurgens. She disappeared immediately from the gossip columns, valuing her private life enough to threaten Lauda with divorce when he once let down his guard and gave journalists his silent phone number.

The Laudas have two children, Mathias and Lucas, and prefer to spend their time with them rather than on the Grand Prix cocktail circuit. Herbert Volker managed this rare interview at

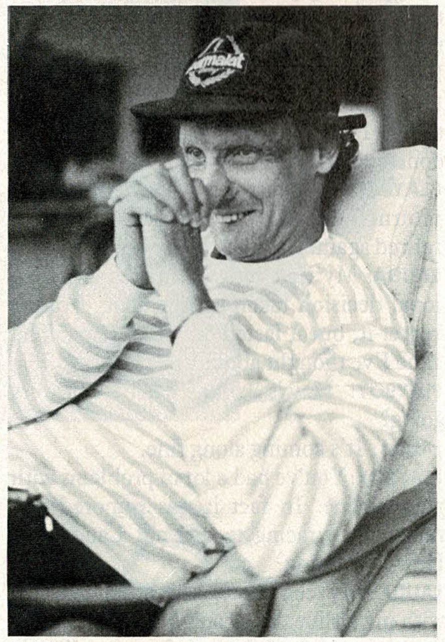
PHOTOGRAPHY BY HERBERT VOLKER



"I believe every person has a death wish. When I drive over a high bridge I catch myself wondering what it would be like to fly underneath."



"Reducing fuel consumption is one of the greatest technical tasks ahead of us. It makes sense to integrate it into the highest league of motor racing."



"After two years' break, the first test rounds were a big joke. I couldn't even grip the steering wheel. I'd never made so many pit stops. . ."

Lauda's home on a series of weekends before race days. "The place seemed like a menagerie," says Volker. "When I listened to my tapes it sounded just like one. Lauda speaks extremely fast and it's more of a mumble than anything else, especially with the sounds of his sons and an animal called Maxi which Lauda reckons is a mixture of dog, pig and chicken."

PLAYBOY: Your race performances this year have been lack-lustre. What's been the problem, your car or your motivation?

LAUDA: It's only been that way on some occasions, and mainly in qualifying laps in practice. I admit I haven't been as good as I should have been. I can't blame myself for the races. We've had too many technical problems with the car. At one stage of the season, out of seven races I only made it once to the finish.

PLAYBOY: Having achieved the world championship again last year, have you got anything left to aim for in Grand Prix racing?

LAUDA: Not really.

PLAYBOY: Did you negotiate a more favorable contract with your team, McLaren, after that championship win last year?

LAUDA: No, on the contrary, I had to accept one-third less than the year before when McLaren had wanted me so badly they paid top dollar.

PLAYBOY: What's your contract worth? How does it rate against offers for, say, Alan Jones to return to racing?

LAUDA: I have no idea at all how much Alan is earning.

PLAYBOY: You won two world championships with Ferrari. In view of your disappointing performances with McLaren this year, and Ferrari's good ones, do you think you should have switched back to Ferrari?

LAUDA: I am too realistic to think about things I should have done or would have done and why not.

PLAYBOY: You retired once before, then returned later to the circus. Now you've retired again. Is it definitely your last year?

LAUDA: My first retirement was an emotional decision taken on the spot. I didn't regret it, but it lasted only two years. This time I've thought about it.

PLAYBOY: How's your business career going?

LAUDA: It's coming along fine.

PLAYBOY: You've had a lot of problems with your airline. In fact it was rumored you returned to racing to bail out Lauda Air. How is it doing?

LAUDA: My comeback had nothing to do with my airline. You can't bail anything out by driving. I need the joy of driving. That's what makes me go fast. You can't drive fast for a purpose like rescuing a business. Right now Lauda Air is doing very well. We have two BAC 111s operating in the charter business, and the planes are full and prospects bright.

PLAYBOY: It hasn't always been that rosy. Lauda Air did go into a spin for a while.

LAUDA: No, when I started that business I didn't imagine that monopoly state airlines wouldn't give a chance to private companies. And I wanted only to fly in areas not covered by state airlines. I kept on thinking, why shouldn't an individual with the backing of associates and his banks do a job a national airline didn't want to do? So I went out and bought a DC-10 option.

PLAYBOY: For how much?

LAUDA: Three hundred thousand dollars. I wanted to fly the North Atlantic route, but in the northern spring of 1980, the price of petrol rose along with interest rates and I could no longer go it on my own. I returned the DC-10 option and lost my $300,000.

PLAYBOY: Did you bury a few illusions as well?

LAUDA: Sure. If you forget the business side of my little airline company, there wasn't much fascination left in just being a pilot. I still love flying and always will, but I don't think you need any special qualities to do it responsibly.

> *These days a racing driver does a lot more than sit behind a steering wheel and pump the accelerator. I set the tempo within the team.*

PLAYBOY: Did the change from being a racing car driver to a businessman present you with any surprises?

LAUDA: Yes, the speed is a different one, and I don't mean the speed of driving. As everyone knows these days, a racing driver does a lot more than sit behind a steering wheel and pump the accelerator. I set the tempo within the team. When we have a problem to solve, I'm surrounded by the designer, the team chief, the mechanics, who all have the same goal: to win, to be the best, and to be the fastest. After being in that kind of world for 10 years or so, then stopping, I was surprised at how slowly the world moved.

PLAYBOY: Would you say the wheels move too slowly outside the Formula One world?

LAUDA: *[laughing]* Sure. You can try with all your energy to turn the wheels faster, but it doesn't seem to work. You're too dependent on too many forces around you, and people who aren't able to, or who don't want to or who don't understand that you know how to resolve a problem and you want to go ahead right away. When I'm surrounded by so many people, then I have to reduce my tempo to an average kind of level. It's sad to be stifled like that.

PLAYBOY: Don't you think it's a bit naive for a racing car driver to be asking the business world to go full throttle?

LAUDA: Maybe, but in racing you find a certain clarity and simplicity too. A lie or an excuse will always come out in the next race. The competition is so tough in both racing and business that the same rules should apply. I could tell a business colleague five times what to do but there's no chequered flag to convince him to do it any faster. That's the difference.

PLAYBOY: Did that frustration turn you back to motor racing?

LAUDA: Partly. I was lured by several things: like could I still drive, could I sell myself, how much money was I worth?

PLAYBOY: So the money was an important factor.

LAUDA: No, not entirely. Money should never be important in a sport where you risk your life. But it does belong to the game and I get bored with selling myself too cheaply.

PLAYBOY: Well, you certainly fought successfully against your boredom. You got the biggest contract in racing history.

LAUDA: Maybe. I don't know what the others were getting when I came back.

PLAYBOY: It's unlikely anyone else was getting one-and-a-half million dollars. Did you ever imagine you'd be worth more after your comeback than before?

LAUDA: Put it this way: either I believe in myself or I give the game away. It was an unusual contract too: they could terminate it with a four-race notice and I'd receive only part payment.

PLAYBOY: After two years' break, how were your first minutes back on the track?

LAUDA: It was humiliating. The first test rounds in September '81 at Donington in England were a big joke. I couldn't even grip the steering wheel. I'd never made so many pit stops; I was asking the crew to change things on the car just so I could recover. I couldn't say to them, "Listen, friends, I'm finished."

PLAYBOY: Did the two-year break affect you physically?

LAUDA: All that time I was either flying or sitting in an office, and neither do you too much good. Mind you, I don't think my body deteriorated that much. I always slept long enough, say eight or nine hours, but my body gave me a few signals, like putting on six kilos extra weight. I felt weak when I reached 70 kilos, and shouted for my fitness instructor and masseur, Willy Dungl.

PLAYBOY: What's his role?

LAUDA: He's a genius in theory and in practice with nutrition, massage and training. He took three months to put me back in shape and I'm physically stronger now than ever before.

PLAYBOY: How did you explain to your wife you wanted to race again?

LAUDA: When I flew to Donington for my first practice laps I told Marlene I had

business to do in London and asked her to come too. She did ask me about the rumors in the papers about my track return, but I told her they were only stories.

PLAYBOY: Your wife was completely unprepared?

LAUDA: On the plane to London I told her I would be driving a few practice laps, only for fun. All she said was, "You're joking." The organisation of it all took three months and when I signed up I told her and she said nothing.

PLAYBOY: Did she care?

LAUDA: She hates the sport. She reckons it's a lot of bullshit, and I can understand her point of view. Every woman who marries a racing car driver tries to see the best in it. Marlene tried, but after two months of marriage came the Nurburgring crash and she saw the other side of the game: fire, intensive care and so on. It changed her completely.

PLAYBOY: Why didn't she fight against your comeback?

LAUDA: We argued about it one night. She said I didn't have any responsibility toward the two kids. It resulted in a two-hour conversation where we discussed the principles of life. Do I have the freedom of choice I need? Or do I have to hold myself back in a marriage and not do what seems important? Everybody needs their freedom and if Marlene wanted to climb Mont Blanc she could do it.

PLAYBOY: Here speaks the egocentric.

LAUDA: I'm terribly egocentric. It's often a problem, but I know how to live with it and with my family at the same time.

PLAYBOY: Does that mean that when you say jump, everyone jumps?

LAUDA: If the priority is racing, yes.

PLAYBOY: Would you have put your marriage in jeopardy if your wife had asked you to choose between family and racing?

LAUDA: It would never have come to that. I married a woman who knows that I need freedom. She would never have asked such a question.

PLAYBOY: What about your children?

LAUDA: They have to have a good future. I'd like them to grow up in a healthy environment, a farm, say, with lots of other kids. I'd like to give them a good, healthy and natural life with few rules. I don't want to influence them too much. They have to make their own way.

PLAYBOY: Back to business. Do you think everybody has to be an egocentric to do well in business?

LAUDA: If you want to reach your goal with all your energy, if you want to do it better than anyone else, you have to be more determined. You could say, without any regrets.

PLAYBOY: Are we talking about you now?

LAUDA: I was much harder once than I am now. There are limits to this. For instance, you can't be a Grand Prix racer and think about the other guys. Everybody is the same; you never give an inch.

PLAYBOY: Is having a big mouth part of the job too? Six weeks after your Nurburgring crash, at a start in Monza, you said you were completely over the accident. Was that true?

LAUDA: I was scared stiff. I panicked when I drove my first practice lap. I used every chance to get out of the car.

PLAYBOY: You played the perfect hero.

LAUDA: What should I have done? Should I have said to the television guys: "Sorry, gentlemen, I just shat myself out there. Please give me time to recover, then I'll talk to you." Do you think I should have done that? My first job was to come to grips with myself.

PLAYBOY: And how did you manage that?

LAUDA: I drove to my hotel and thought about a few things. It was a new situation for me. I had been well prepared for Monza, and had mentally overcome the accident. I thought: Well, I could drive a race before, I can do it now. Nothing had changed so there was no need to panic. In reality things were different: I was overwhelmingly afraid. My self-motivation was gone.

PLAYBOY: What kind of fear was it? Fear of pain, fear of death?

LAUDA: It was like having a heart attack and diarrhoea at the same time. It's called shitting yourself.

PLAYBOY: How did you get over that in your hotel room?

LAUDA: I tried to find out what mistake I had made. I figured it was because I had

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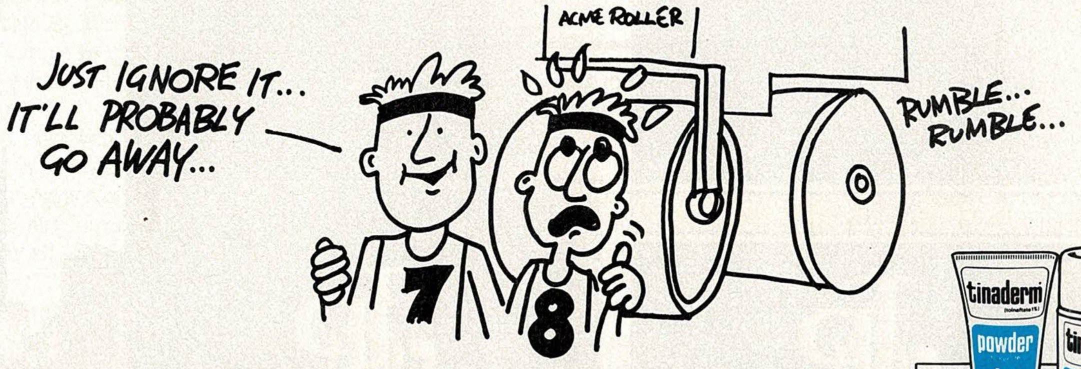
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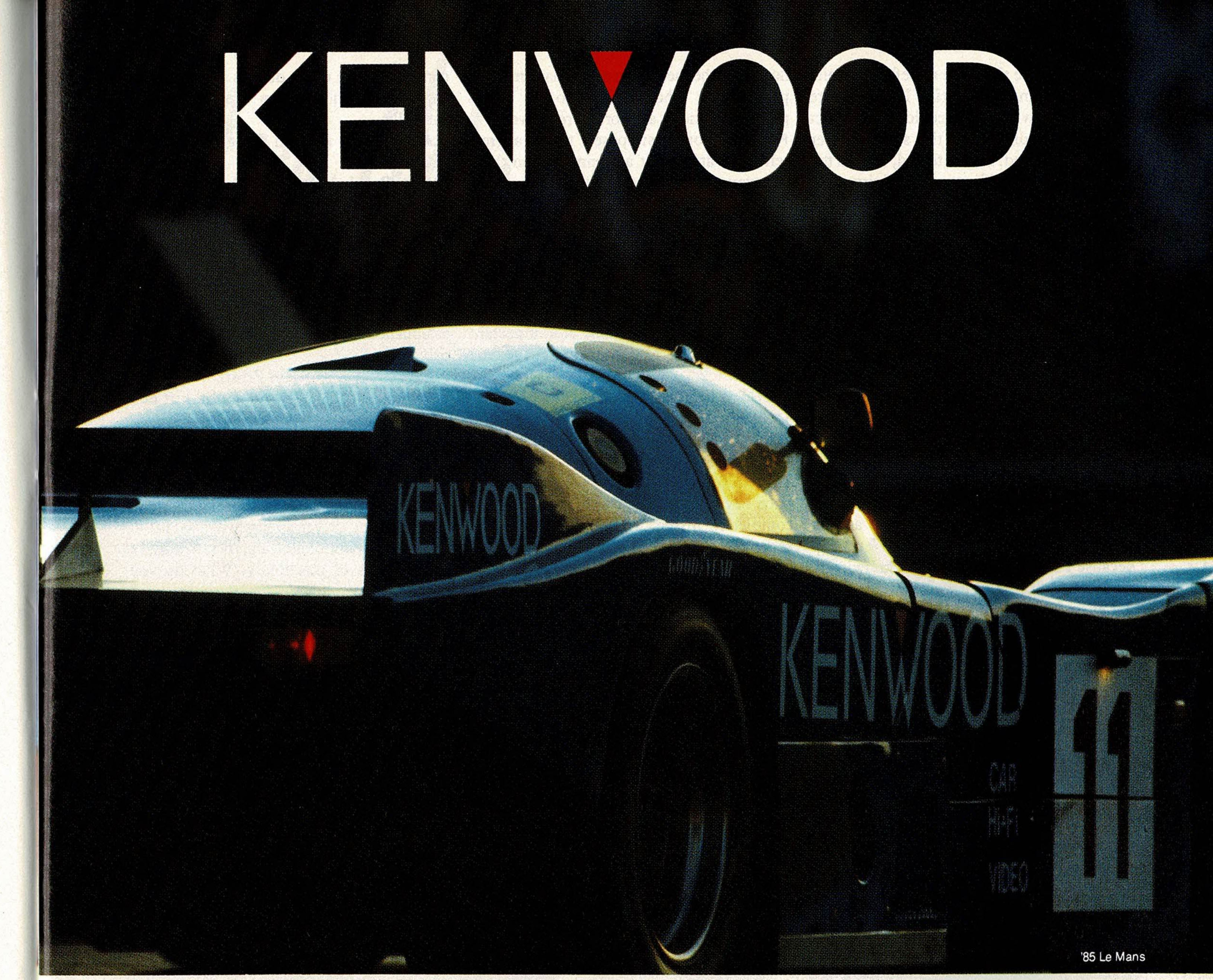

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wanted to drive the same as before, despite the accident and my injuries. I felt insecure and reacted wrongly. I couldn't recorrect the car. I didn't have the skill to steer perfectly. I failed: I oversteered, braked too early and got myself into an awful situation. After I realised my mistake I programmed less pressure the next day of training. I took it a lot easier, started slowly, then got faster and faster and suddenly I was the fastest Ferrari driver there. It was the best thing to happen to me and I knew I could drive as well as before the accident. I'd mastered my fear.

PLAYBOY: Forever? Hasn't it ever come back? You pulled out of a rain-soaked Japanese race. What about your retirement?

LAUDA: I pulled out of the Japanese race because I'd just run out of reserves. There's no compromise there, no "I'll try and see". And it was right that I retired because I wasn't enjoying it anymore. It was always going to happen that way again. I retired because I lost interest. People acknowledge that you can't force a driver to drive races, not even for one minute longer, if he's not motivated anymore, no matter how much money is involved or what's written in a contract.

PLAYBOY: How could you motivate yourself after retiring once?

LAUDA: The joy of racing came back again. As simple as that. Why, I don't know, but it was the main cause. The athletic aspects of driving full speed are more important to me now than the mental aspects. I have my own psychologist who gets me to see things positively, and it all works pretty well.

PLAYBOY: You're supposed to be a great self-motivator. Is it a commonsense thing that you apply to everyday life?

LAUDA: Yes. I always analyse myself and ask myself where the problems are coming from.

PLAYBOY: Do you always find an answer?

LAUDA: Yes. I need a little bit of time and no disturbances. I go away somewhere that's peaceful and start thinking. It's important in the mornings, too, when I'm not feeling so good.

PLAYBOY: Hangovers?

LAUDA: Yes, especially then.

PLAYBOY: Can that happen to you? A real hangover?

LAUDA: Normally I don't drink, but maybe once every couple of months I get completely pissed with friends in a pub somewhere. They can be very funny nights, but the next morning I feel fucked, I look in the mirror and call myself an arsehole. Then I switch on my brain. Being upset doesn't help so I figure I'll eat a small breakfast, calm down my stomach, and catch up on some sleep. I can get through a hangover okay; it's the same with more complicated situations like nervousness or fear. I can fight my nerves with analysis before a start. I drive well, I don't make mistakes, I trust my car because I know it well and believe in my mechanics. That leaves only one doubt concerning the other drivers. Some I trust completely and others I watch very carefully.

PLAYBOY: Who do you trust at speeds of 260km/h?

LAUDA: People I've known for years. Drivers with a lot of experience who should know how to drive.

PLAYBOY: What do you think of the new generation of racing drivers?

LAUDA: What do you mean new generation? It's always been the same: there are established drivers and non-established drivers.

PLAYBOY: Such as Alain Prost?

LAUDA: A super driver, no doubt, but he's hardly new.

PLAYBOY: A sinister aspect of modern Grand Prix racing is the emergence of the "entrepreneur drivers" who buy a place in a Formula One team with huge sponsorship backing. One driver apparently brought in two million pounds sterling, then wrecked a whole series of machinery. What do you think of this trend?

LAUDA: Really? Two million sterling! With that kind of money anything is possible. But it's not too bad at the moment. At least drivers have to qualify for what they call a "super licence" before they're allowed to put their grandma's money on two or three Formula One drives. Of course we've had our black sheep, but it's better now than some time ago.

PLAYBOY: Do you worry about competing

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against those kinds of drivers?

LAUDA: One worries about all inexperienced drivers. They tend to behave surprisingly, so you have to take those surprises into account.

PLAYBOY: On the other hand, Ayrton Senna has blitzed the Formula One scene this year. In his first six races, for instance, he was on the first row of the grid six times. How do you rate him? Is he mature yet?

LAUDA: He is great, no doubt about it. I wouldn't know how to judge if he is mature or not. He is fast, though.

PLAYBOY: Some people are billing him as the new Jimmy Clark, or the next Jackie Stewart, or Lauda. Do you agree?

LAUDA: Clark was Clark. Stewart was Stewart. Lauda is Lauda. Senna is Senna.

PLAYBOY: Which drivers do you rate highly at the moment?

LAUDA: Rosberg, Alboreto, Prost.

PLAYBOY: Any drivers you'd like to see tossed out?

LAUDA: Two or three, but since you can't pick your competitors, it's useless to talk about it.

PLAYBOY: Australia's Alan Jones returned to the circuit this year. Do you think he's still got it?

LAUDA: He won his last race before walking away from it, which is a smart way to do it. I can't see why he wouldn't have kept his skills, but it will take him some time to get used to this completely new generation of Grand Prix cars, which need to be driven differently. Alan will get used to them.

PLAYBOY: Is there any kind of fellowship between the drivers?

LAUDA: Not really. Everyone thinks about himself, though when we strike, like in South Africa a few years back, and in Belgium recently, there's an amazing kind of camaraderie.

PLAYBOY: You led the drivers' boycott in South Africa, and were the drivers' spokesman when the track broke up in Belgium and the drivers refused to race. Are you a bit of a stirrer?

LAUDA: If you're a stirrer when you try to avoid absolutely stupid hazards which threaten your life, your competitors' lives and the image of racing, then call me a stirrer if you wish. In South Africa, for instance, I simply brought it to the attention of the drivers' association that we'd lose our elementary rights if we drove. Almost every driver agreed. I said I'd take care of the drivers if Pironi, the then speaker for the drivers' association, would do the negotiations.

PLAYBOY: Quite a solid approach.

LAUDA: How do you keep under control close to 30 individuals, all with extremely different interests? There are drivers who earn a million while others have to pay a million to get into Formula One. Even if we say one day we'll stay firm, the danger of a sudden change of mind is too big when team managers threaten all sorts of retaliations. No one can put pressure on me because I'm too independent and established. That's why it's been easy for me to organise the drivers.

PLAYBOY: The opposite side showed their colors a few months after South Africa when they went out on strike over turbocharged engines. It was a warning shot against turbocharging. Are you in favor of turbos?

LAUDA: Well, they're there and I've learned to live with them. There's no need to ban or restrict them today if turbos remain competitive with uncharged engines. It made me sick when the president of the Formula One Constructors' Association (FOCA), Bernie Ecclestone, said car races became boring with turbos and then decided something should be done about them. First he wanted turbos, then not, then yes.

PLAYBOY: Do you think turbos are promising for the sport?

LAUDA: Yes, if only for the technical development that trickles down to the normal car driver. That's where Formula One can provide a rare and useful pioneering service.

Senna is great, no doubt about it. I wouldn't know how to judge if he's mature. He's fast, though. I rate Rosberg, Alboreto and Prost highly.

PLAYBOY: Since turbos have been introduced they've gone from around 500 to more than 700 horsepower, and as much as 900 is predicted for the future. Where will it end?

LAUDA: Your figures are slightly out. We're already passing 1000 horsepower for the qualifying laps, while the average during the race is between 700 and 850 horsepower. It would be crazy to go any higher than that. It wouldn't prove anything. I'm all for regulating the limits here.

PLAYBOY: Do you agree with the limited fuel formula?

LAUDA: At least it's one form of limitation.

PLAYBOY: This year it was supposed to drop to 195 litres from 220 litres. Do you agree it should be kept at 220 litres?

LAUDA: I think 195 litres is a better limit than 220. Technical evolution will still make it possible to gain the same or near the same performances as nowadays.

PLAYBOY: A lot of sports fans think the idea of Grand Prix cars running out of fuel is ridiculous. Lots of others don't understand it at all. Do you think Grand Prix racing is losing touch with its supporters?

LAUDA: Reducing fuel consumption is one of the greatest technical tasks ahead of us today. It makes sense to integrate it into the highest league of motor racing. It doesn't curb the thrill.

PLAYBOY: Did you welcome the end of pitstops for fuelling?

LAUDA: Yeah, it was a bit of a mess.

PLAYBOY: A lot of observers reckon the drivers are getting too temperamental. They think the drivers should drive what and when they're told. Some say they're getting too soft. Do you agree?

LAUDA: Forget it, please.

PLAYBOY: If you could change the shape of the modern Grand Prix car, what would you do?

LAUDA: I'm dealing with an existing situation and don't see any need for change. I haven't really thought about it.

PLAYBOY: What kind of car do you drive privately?

LAUDA: A Golf GTI, a Range Rover and a Mercedes 500SEC. The GTI is the ideal fast little car, the Range Rover perfect for Marlene and the kids during winter, and the Mercedes coupe is just the best.

PLAYBOY: When was the last time you read a book?

LAUDA: I don't read books. I don't have the time.

PLAYBOY: Does that mean you keep away from theatres, too?

LAUDA: I saw my last live performance at high school. I was forced to watch an opera. The singing was beautiful but I didn't understand a word of it.

PLAYBOY: You completely ignore the cultural side of life?

LAUDA: My brain works in one direction. It's been like that for years. I'm not really interested in books and theatre. I watch what's happening in the world, but only if it really affects me: things like economics, politics, technology. That's where I stay informed.

PLAYBOY: Is that enough? Don't you ever have the feeling you're missing out on something?

LAUDA: You know, I've been getting this feeling. There'll be a moment when everything turns around 180 degrees.

PLAYBOY: Is Lauda retreating?

LAUDA: Somehow, yes.

PLAYBOY: Maybe it's too late. Maybe you can't read a book anymore because you never learned how!

LAUDA: I can only do things when I'm right into something. There's no way at the moment, but some time in the future. Maybe there's some kind of ripening period.

PLAYBOY: When you think of retreating, do you think in terms of throwing away material possessions? Do you think of secluded islands?

LAUDA: Possibly. Either way it will be far away from other people.

PLAYBOY: What are your aims in life? Do you see yourself playing an important role somewhere?

(continued on page 114)

ALG/BF/5457

Hello?

You snore.

And you steal the covers. What time did you leave?

Six-thirty. You looked like a toppled Greek statue lying there. Only some tourist had swiped your fig leaf. I was tempted to wake you up.

I miss you already.

You're going to miss something else. Have you looked in the bathroom yet?

Why?

I took your bottle of Paco Rabanne.

What on earth are you going to do with it … give it to that secret lover you've got stashed away in Perth?

I'm going to take some and rub it on my body when I go to bed tonight. And then I'm going to remember every little thing about you … and last night.

Do you know what your voice is doing to me?

You aren't the only one with imagination. I've got to go; they're calling my flight. I'll be back Tuesday. Can I bring you anything?

My Paco Rabanne. And a fig leaf.

Paco Rabanne
An after-shave for men
What is remembered is up to you

paco rabanne
PARIS

ILLUSTRATION BY ALAN EWART

JUST ANOTHER DAY AT THE TRACK

For every jockey who wins the Melbourne Cup there are a hundred little men just getting by.

PETER LOSH'S 46th winner of the season was slow to jump and was still only middle of the pack when they hit the straight. The small crowd watching race three at Sydney's Hawkesbury track on a chilly Thursday afternoon could have been forgiven for not noticing. Their money was elsewhere. But this reporter (a hunch bettor for want of more serious guide-lines) had his last buck on the Losh mount, a first-starter in the first division of the Juvenile Handicap.

As they hit the last 200, Losh pulled something out of his jockey's bag of tricks and the horse won by three lengths running on. A punter silly enough to have had $10 each way on this untried beast would have made around $150 on the deal, or about twice as much if he'd had the foresight to make his wager through the TAB. Peter Losh, on the other hand, whose riding ability clearly made the difference here, received the usual $40 less $1 for the compensation fund plus five percent of the winnings, which in this case amounted to $70. A total of $109 for one minute and one second of very hard work. Just another day at the track.

Hoops are a strange breed. Wizened faces, squeaky voices, dapper sports attire and highly polished shoes. They tend to talk in cliches seldom heard these days outside barber shops and public bars. They are shy, defensive perhaps, when discussing their trade and clearly they prefer the company of that broad sweep of the Australian populace known to anyone from the outside world as "turf people".

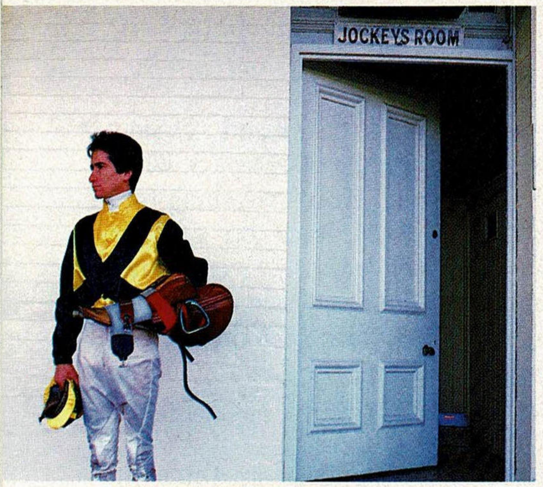
There are simply too many difficult questions to be answered, too many skeletons in the horse-racing

Sport by **NOEL CARSTAIRS**

to expect he would finish the season with at least 90 wins.

Assuming a standard city meeting purse of around $8500 for first, his earnings would be at least $38,000. To this must be added his percentage of minor placings which would be at least $12,000. Thus, if his wins were all standard purses, Dittman would make $50,000 in prize-money alone, but of course he has booted home many a winner in the big feature races, so a more accurate figure might be $80,000, which isn't bad before standard payments.

Victoria's leading jockey at the same point in the season was apprentice Darren Gauci who, on May 15, 1985, joined racing's exclusive "million dollar club", having ridden horses to $1million in stakes during the 1984/5 season. That was a feat which had been equalled in recent times only by such senior jockeys as Malcolm Johnston, Brent Thomson and Gary Willets, but the difference for Gauci was that, as an apprentice, he could not collect the $50,000 in commisions. The money, less a hefty percentage for handling fees, would be placed in a trust account.



Losh: moderate success on his own terms.

At any city or provincial race meeting on any given day, 30 to 40 hoops will share the spartan jockeys' room and, at best, only eight of them can ride winners. If a star turns in a treble, only five others can win. And if you don't ride a winner, or at least a placer, it's a rough day's work for little reward. Under those circumstances it would be understandable if a little blood was spilt on the hard benches but, according to insiders, most Australian jockeys take a philosophical view of their trade.

"Sure, there are plenty of blues," commented one jockey. "Mostly just shouting matches to do with interference on the track. Occasionally it'll boil over into a scrap but the other blokes will stop it. You've gotta keep your dignity in this game. Some of us haven't got much else."

The average jockey — the one who will never be a Peter Cook, Mick Dittman or Ron Quinton — works six days a week from dawn to dusk for something less than $30,000 a year before tax. Out of that he will have to deduct the considerable travelling expenses required to keep in rides. A Sydney-based jockey, for example, might ride anywhere in the arc from Kembla Grange to Muswellbrook to Newcastle, ticking up 1000 kilometres in the week.

Unlike their British counterparts, Australian jockeys must ride rigorous sessions of trackwork in order to do the deals to get the right mounts and, unlike their American brethren, Australian jockeys keep five, not 10 percent of their winnings.

For all that, the Australian racing scene lacks the dog-eat-dog tactics of the American. Sure, there are scandals aplenty — Fine Cotton and the Big Philou doping before the 1969 Melbourne Cup merely scrape the surface of a litany of larceny — but, for all the taunts from the grandstand, nine times out of 10 the jockey will have ridden an honest race.

Consider, by way of contrast, the fear and loathing that permeated the American turf circuit just three years ago when the Puerto Rican Angel Cordero became the leading jockey in the world, taking horses to more than $9million in purses in a single season. Even as he rewrote the record books, Cordero was shunned by almost half the leading stables of New York. Some didn't like his race, others his abrasive nature and still others his alleged involvement in a spate of fixed races in New York in the mid '70s. But such is the opportunistic nature of the game that by season's end even Cordero's most committed enemies were throwing away their principles to get with the strength.

"It's not like that here," explained a leading Sydney jockey. "Look, we cop flak from everyone. From owners, trainers and the grandstand jockeys who reckon they know all about it. We get a load of shit from the crook punters who have done their dough. But there's no ongoing intrigue or rivalry that I'm aware of. We just get on with the job we're paid to do."

The job they're paid to do can range from the star brief of a Dittman or a Cook — the best mounts in the biggest races — to the three-rides-of-a-Saturdee workout of a country part-timer. Somewhere between those two extremes are the great majority of jockeys, rising at dawn to ride, sweat, drive, deal, ride, drive, deal and sleep with little time for anything else.

At 27, Peter Losh is in the top half of the pack, well respected but a long way off riding the winner of the Melbourne Cup which, of course, is his ambition. Losh began his apprenticeship 12 years ago in Wyong, NSW, and in a sense it's been a downhill run ever since. His first ride was an odds-on favorite in a four horse field and it romped in without a lot of help. Since then he has been the passenger on nags which have finished a furlong behind second last and he has led them past the winning post often enough to keep him interested and his young family comfortable.

Losh is a moderate success on his own terms. Having ridden overseas (a season in England and two in Mauritius) and applied himself exclusively to the city meetings, he now lives in Wyong, 80 kilometres north of Sydney, and spreads his rides over the city, provincial and country tracks within a 200 kilometre radius. The week he spoke to Australian PLAYBOY, for example, he had five rides at Randwick on Monday, four at Wyong on Tuesday, a day off on Wednesday, five at Hawkesbury on Thursday, barrier trials at Newcastle on Friday and three rides at Rosehill on Saturday. Seventeen rides at $40 plus prize-money. On figures like that a win in the city (and at that stage of the season Losh had 13½ of them) can make all the difference.

Over a full year, with allowances for falls, suspensions and quiet spells, Losh averages 13 rides a week, or $520 win, lose or draw.

"You wouldn't want to be in it to get rich quick," he says with a characteristic jockey grin that turns his eyes into narrow, crinkled slits. Losh, like many of the younger jockeys, dresses more casually than the dapper little gents of the previous racing generation. For a provincial meeting, he sports neatly pressed jeans, a wool-knit shirt and bulky cardigan. But he is no less meticulous. There are no hairs out of place, no buttons undone. The movements of his fine-boned hands are clearly defined and his conversation is uncluttered to the point of being sparse.

When you talk to jockeys you cannot escape the impression that not only do they sweat off excess weight, but that every piece of ballast, body or soul, makes the supreme sacrifice to get them across the line first. In Losh's case, the facts are at variance with the initial impression. He has never had to sweat his weight, which shows in that the squint lines do not extend to the rest of the face. He says given the amount of travelling he has to do, if he had to sweat every day he would never make it to the meetings.

"I'm doing trackwork at Wyong by five every morning except Sunday. I get home just before nine and I'm usually on my way to a meeting by 10. When I get home in the evening I'm usually buggered and go straight to bed so I can get up at 4.30 the next morning and start all over again. When would I find time to sweat?" he asks.

But Losh does find time to take telephone calls. Whereas American jockeys generally employ agents to do the rounds of the stables and make the deals for mounts, in Australia the process is a lot more direct. Trainers consult their own guides to recent form, and the Australian Jockey Club's calendar for weights and phone numbers. Losh and most other jockeys simply wait for the phone to ring. Some days they will be offered three mounts in one race and other days the phone won't ring.

"You go through lean spells," says Losh. "I'd be worried if I went two weeks without

(continued on page 118)

A Breath of Fresh Air

If you came across stunning Rene, you wouldn't walk away.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY RICO METTBACH

So you thought you'd take a break from the rat race and get a breath of fresh air with a bit of bushwalking and rock climbing? Get away from the office, the traffic jams, all those beautiful women who've been chasing you during the week? Well, maybe it does sound a teeny bit boring, but you could get lucky and stumble upon Sydney's Rene Stephens backpacking her way through one of the national parks surrounding her home town. Or climbing in the Blue Mountains. Or abseiling, canyoning and rafting down the Colo River. Rene, you might say, has an outgoing personality and it affects her even when she's miles from the bush.

''I think I'm a bit of an extrovert,'' Rene explains. ''My star sign is Cancer, and that makes me a bit moody. I'm at my best when I'm in a fun mood, because I like being a bit crazy. You know, dressing up, fooling around a bit.''

Dressing up is something Rene's been doing for a while. She's always been interested in clothes design and is looking toward a job in the fashion industry after she completes her Bachelor of Visual Arts studies at Newcastle University. Rene, you'll admit, is a bit of a picture herself, and has always kept fit with lots of sport, though all her homework and weekend commuting have taken their toll on her netball, track and cross-country running, and water-polo activities. Now she concentrates on aerobics and her bushwalking to keep in good nick.

It's turned out that Rene likes the individual sports more than team ones anyway, which seems to reflect her thoughts on one other pertinent matter. ''I like a man who stands out from the crowd,'' Rene says. ''Someone with a touch of difference, even a bit crazy, both in looks and personality.

''That way he'd probably think much the same way I do, and we'd get on really well. And that's what it's all about.''

I've always been one for long relationships. I think you need time to get to know a person and to learn to share everything. I share everything I've got with my favorite man.

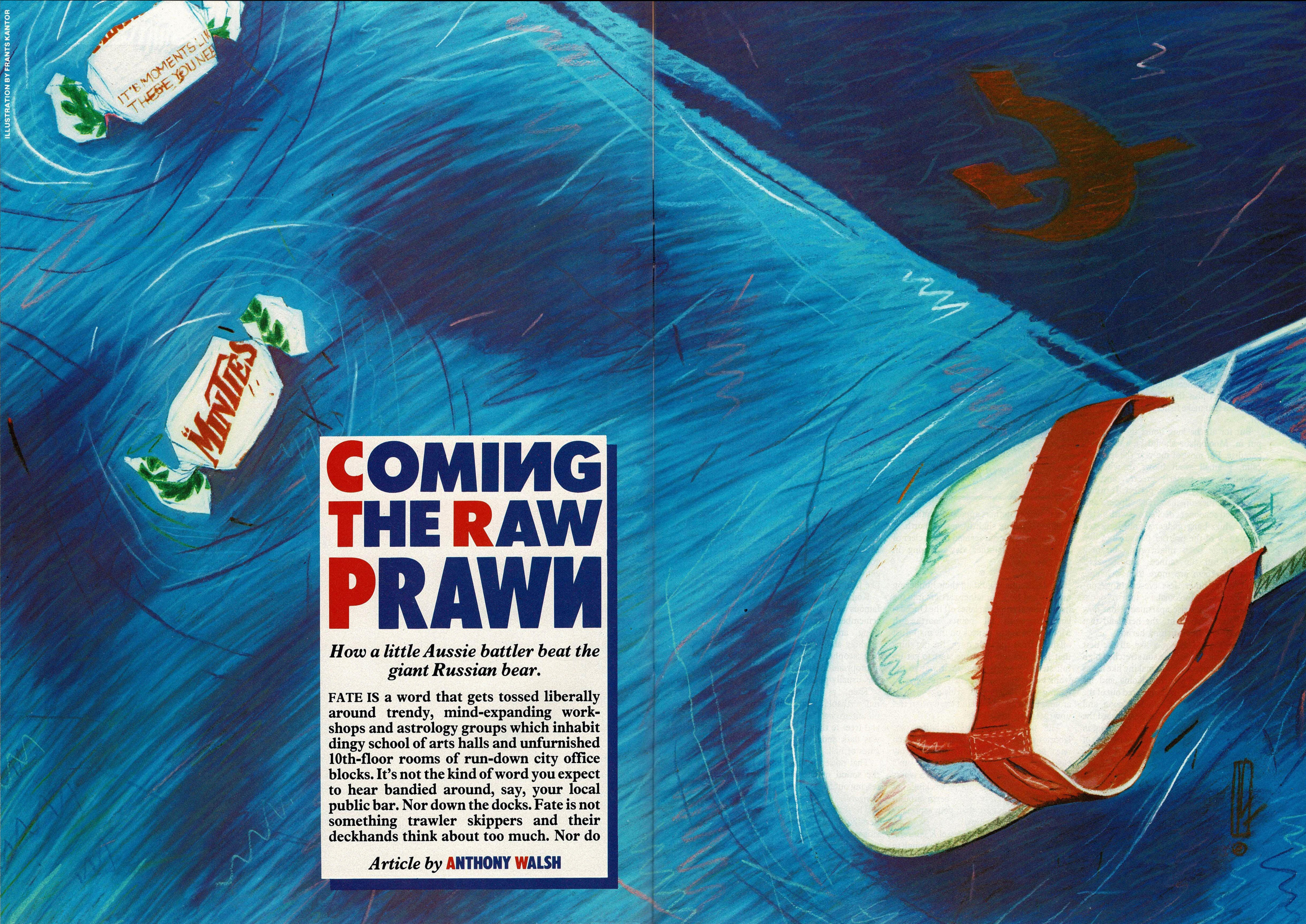


ILLUSTRATION BY FRANTS KANTOR

COMING THE RAW PRAWN

How a little Aussie battler beat the giant Russian bear.

FATE IS a word that gets tossed liberally around trendy, mind-expanding workshops and astrology groups which inhabit dingy school of arts halls and unfurnished 10th-floor rooms of run-down city office blocks. It's not the kind of word you expect to hear bandied around, say, your local public bar. Nor down the docks. Fate is not something trawler skippers and their deckhands think about too much. Nor do

Article by **ANTHONY WALSH**

they imagine boats lying on the floor of the ocean. It's much like surfers considering sharks, or motor racers thinking about crumpled cars.

Yet fate is a word that's suddenly come into the language of the fishermen of the small Queensland town of Mooloolaba. It stems from a diabolical accident in their waters three years ago which sent one of their fleet to the bottom. That there was a collision between two boats is not earth-shattering news. But because it happened 25km off Queensland's Sunshine Coast on the open sea on a glorious day when visibility was unimpaired by fogs or mist and the swell calm Mooloolaba's fishermen still talk about it. It could have been any one of them, but the skipper who remembers that day in October 1982 more than anyone is 35-year-old Murray Koina. That day changed the rest of his life.

●

Koina had a bit of a reputation around the Mooloolaba fishing harbor for his trawler, the *Bongaree*. It was one of the best presented and maintained boats in the fleet, and he knew the local waters like the back of his hand. Like many of the prawners, he worked hard to meet huge loan repayments on his boat, plus the government charges and taxes that make fishermen a hard-bitten lot.

But for all the long hours the prawners put in, Mooloolaba should be a mariner's paradise. For most of the year the seas stay calm, a small swell blows in with the prevailing sou'-easterly breezes, and the weather is pretty close to perfect. It brings in the yachties on their racy clippers and motorised schooners decked out with all the latest whizz-bang gadgetry and decorated with a few of the prettier pleasures of life. The strange boats might get a bit of a roasting, but the tanned, almost naked bodies on them are more than welcome. They offset other, less eye-catching consequences of Mooloolaba's tourist boom such as the high-rise apartments that now scar Point Cartwright, the headland that overlooks the small fishing harbor.

October 27, 1982, was like all the best days rolled into one. The sun stretched high and the thermometer was making like it was already summer. Murray Koina and his deckhand, Barry Prange, motored out of the fishing fleet moorings around noon and pointed the bow of the *Bongaree* toward the open sea, the electric blue sky reflecting in the bow wave that curled and ran in front of them. Koina ran his eye around all the strange boats in the harbor, checking out the scenery. All-girl crews don't work the fishing boats and, well, there'd be lean pickings in the scenery department for the next couple of days. He could be gone for as long as five nights before his freezer filled with the tiger and king prawns that gave him his livelihood.

The trip to the regular trawling grounds 40km off the northern tip of Cape Moreton would ordinarily take five hours, though the midday heat seemingly stretched the time. Even the hungry seagulls who usually followed the trawler hoping to pick up a few scraps forsook their freedom of flight and took rest on the mast and booms of the chugging boat. It was going to be a far longer day than either of the men could have imagined.

They busied themselves with a bit of housekeeping in the wheelhouse and on deck; menial chores that had to be done before the real work began, trawling for schools of prawns that would probably keep them up all night. Like most skippers, Koina would spend the travelling time below decks, tending to accumulated paperwork and having a kip in preparation for the coming sleepless hours.

He began to set the autopilot, which would then look after the *Bongaree*'s exact course. He made some general observations in charting his course: he noted three large ships about nine kays south of his present position. One was anchored eastward of the other two. Another appeared stationary. One was heading slightly west of north.

> *The midday heat seemingly stretched the time. . . the ocean seemed pretty clear of hazards. Just another day's fishing in paradise.*

All in all the ocean seemed pretty clear of hazards. Just another day's fishing in paradise.

●

To the captains guiding their lumbering tankers and bulk container carriers into the international shipping lanes off the Queensland coast to all points northward, Mooloolaba is just a speck on the map. Just offshore from the little town, the big ships that have just left Brisbane start to get up full steam, juggernauting their way to the tropics and hoping to hell the myriad fishing fleet boats and cruising yachties around them all understand the written and unwritten maritime codes.

The official shipping regulations are laborious but necessary. The unwritten ones, however, go something like this: stay clear of the yachties anytime after the sun's reached the yard-arm; treat the trawlers with respect, after all they're working, not playing, and keep a wide berth around anything that's bigger than you, especially the giant transport ships.

The Russian merchant vessel *Konstantin Paustovskiy* is one such ship; large enough to cause a high tide of its own. Built in Yugoslavia in 1970, the huge container vessel measures 176 metres by 21 metres — about the size of two football fields. Its diesel engines generate 12,000 brake horsepower. In other words, one hell of a mother to pull up in an emergency.

The ship and its crew form an integral part of the Russian merchant navy, the largest commercial fleet in the world. Accountants back home in ports such as Vladivostok had already begun to add up its cargo and calculate with glee the accumulated foreign exchange earnings for Mother Russia when the ship left the shipping terminal at the mouth of the Brisbane River on October 27, 1982. It was chock-a-block with the maximum number of containers.

The *Konstantin Paustovskiy* made its run up to the northern end of Moreton Bay under guidance from a local marine pilot who disembarked at 12.32pm. The ship then worked up to its cruising speed of 18 knots. Its heading was slightly west of north.

●

With *Bongaree* on its set course, Murray Koina went below, climbing into one of the bunks set into the side of the boat. Around him a conglomeration of cooking gear and domestic refrigeration competed for space with fishing tackle, tools for keeping the engine in nick, and all the electronic gadgetry professionals such as Koina fitted to reduce the odds fishermen always work against. Somehow Koina had conditioned himself to relax in the cramped quarters and he picked up the sporting pages of his local paper. It was 12.40pm.

The morning had been so perfect it had put Koina in a pretty good mood, the gentle throb of the Gardner diesel engine driving the *Bongaree* through the water at eight knots acting almost like office-driven Musak. He had the feeling he was in for a good catch that day, but then feelings don't get too much credence in a game of chance like fishing. He went back to his paper.

Koina, you might say, has never been famous as a psychic. The next thing he remembers after the racing tips is everything around him exploding, timber crashing and groaning, and glass smashing in a cacophony that would have been more appropriate in some disaster movie than on this usually peaceful stretch of ocean.

Then, as he recalls, there was an indescribable sliding noise, as if the side of a mountain was falling away, taking houses and trees to the bottom of a valley where it was dark and dank and very close to the gates of hell.

That noise, he was soon to find out, was the sound of the *Konstantin Paustovskiy* tearing out the starboard side of his beloved *Bongaree*.

The force of the crash skewed the trawler heavily to port, forcing Murray against the side wall of his bunk. He spent a few fleeting moments there in blind confusion. There was no state of disbelief because there was

(continued on page 111)

IRONMAN

Mining tycoon Lang Hancock is racing against time to fulfil a lifetime dream.

Profile by
PHIL JARRATT

JUST A FEW weeks short of his 76th birthday, Lang Hancock stood high on a mountain of iron ore — his iron ore — and posed for pictures, a pickaxe in one hand, lump of high-grade ore in the other.

Hancock, tired by several hours of gully-jumping in his Range Rover and debilitated by the peripheral neuritis which afflicts his hands and feet, teetered dangerously close to a sheer drop and giggled maniacally as his work boots slid across the scree on the surface of the mountain top. The joy of the moment was not shared by his handlers, the most senior of whom rushed to his side to steady the old man.

"I'm all right," Hancock snapped. "Good Christ! I'm hardly going to fall off my own fortune."

Nevertheless, he reached for the hand of his exploration boss, Ken McCamey, as soon as the photos were taken, and the younger man helped him slowly back to the cars where Hancock's Filipino wife, Rose, waited to drive him home to The Settlement, a cluster of ironclad houses surrounding a disused mine shaft deep in the Hamersley Gorges.

For Hancock, the rogue bull of the mineral-rich Pilbara region of Western Australia, those moments on the mountain top were just a small part of a public relations campaign he has waged for a quarter century. For those of us who shared them, however, they were an inkling of mortality, a touching reminder that even rogue bulls grow too old to roar. It was painfully clear that for the multi-millionaire prospector, the red dust of the Pilbara had just about run through the hourglass, and that the fulfilment of a life's dream had come

ILLUSTRATION BY PHIL JUDD

down to a race against the clock.

●

It is impossible to hate Langley George Hancock, although it is entirely commonsense to scoff at almost everything for which he stands. Aside from the accumulation of wealth, his adult life has been devoted to canvassing two basic themes. The first is that Australia's future prosperity depends totally on the mineral development and subsequent population of our vast, empty north. The second is that none of this will ever be possible without the elimination of the bungling bureaucracy

Lang Hancock is unshakable in his belief that those related factors are the key to the decline in our standard of living, and that fixing them is the recipe for our emergence as a world power in decades to come. No matter what subject you raise with Mr Hancock, this is what it comes down to. To say he is obsessed with the exploitation of the north and the failure of successive state and federal governments in this area of responsibility is to sell him short. The idea of digging the riches from the land has become his life.

In the matter of spreading his gospel of development, Hancock has the vigor of a man half his age and the naivety of someone much younger than that. He simply cannot comprehend opposing viewpoints. To him there are no shades of grey: it is develop or perish, and a pox on those who would stand in the way of what must be.

In order to understand Lang Hancock you must first understand the rich land on which his fortune and his life have been built. Knowing Hancock was visiting Sydney, I phoned him at his office there and asked him for a ride to the Pilbara in his Learjet, explaining that I would interview him on the way. There was a long silence, which was followed by a throaty gurgle which I took to be a knowing chuckle.

Finally Hancock said: "Oh no, son, you can't do that. You have to make your own way in the world, but I'll tell you what: you make your own way to Wittenoom and phone me there next week and I'll look after you from that point on. Might even throw in a barbie."

No one enjoys a sizzled snag under the stars more than your correspondent, but a transcontinental flight on the off-chance did seem a little extravagant. However, I flew to Perth on a commercial flight and thence to the company mining town of Paraburdoo, at the foot of the Hamersley Ranges. There, photographer Rennie Ellis and I rented a car with good suspension and negotiated 200 kilometres of railway access dirt track to the seat of the Hancock prospecting empire, the endangered town of Wittenoom.

In the last half hour of light we dodged 'roos across a Fred Williams landscape of red sky and even redder earth. One could almost smell the rawness of the land, and yet its forms were clearly ancient eruptions on a prehistoric basin.

In Wittenoom (pop. 70) we checked into the Hotel Fortescue, where Hancock's people had made a booking and left a contact number. I phoned and discovered that, true to his promise, Lang Hancock was bunging on a barbie, for which our presence would be required at precisely 7.30.

We saw to the dust of the road in the public bar and immediately learned something of Wittenoom: almost wholly owned by Hancock, it is a town which is officially dead but won't lie down. Hancock, who had grown up on his family's pastoral lease at nearby Mulga Downs, went into asbestos mining in the '30s with his partner Peter Wright. During the war they sold the Wittenoom mine to CSR, who built a township to support the mining population.

In time, however, the mine failed and CSR closed it down. Rather than see the town die with it, Hancock bought it back, lock, stock and pub, in 1967. Thus Wittenoom, declared unsafe by government health authorities because of its proximity to the asbestos dumps, lives on as the centre of Hancock's mineral exploration companies and as a food and fuelling stop for the tourist safaris through the magnificent gorge country.

> *To Hancock there are no shades of grey: it is develop or perish, and a pox on all those who would stand in the way of what must be.*

Ken McCamey, a trusted Hancock lieutenant since the mid '50s, drove us to The Settlement in the Wittenoom Gorge, some 12 kays out of town. McCamey, a pleasant, greyhaired man of 59 whose name has been loaned to several of the largest ore finds in the region, fired off a few salvos of Hancockspeak as we drove. The rhetoric was instantly recognisable and the logic followed the same pattern of paring everything down to the argument that bungling bureaucracy was preventing man from digging the soil.

At The Settlement a large fire was already raging under a vast hotplate and a dozen or so people were seated in a crescent on the lawn. Although I had never met him, it was not difficult to identify Lang Hancock, who was sitting on a wicker chair in the middle of the group. He wore baggy cream trousers, heavy boots and a safari shirt which featured Filipino brocade as well as the traditional epaulets.

It was difficult to imagine, looking at this strong-featured but intensely ordinary old man whose clothing seemed to reveal an aversion to natural fibre, that even as we sat under the northern stars drinking White Horse whisky, the Hancock cash register in Perth would be ringing up another day's earn from the Hamersley Iron two and a half percent royalty (approximately $30,000). That income, which Hancock has received in lieu of equity in the Tom Price and Paraburdoo mines since they commenced operations in 1966, makes him Australia's biggest single taxpayer.

Perhaps not surprisingly, the conversation around the cane tables on the lawn centred on the vast mineral wealth to be dug up in the Pilbara if only the bureaucrats would get out of the way. Although Hancock showed the way on this subject, we soon all warmed to it and no one, but no one, raised the conservationist cause. The guests included a young journalist whom Hancock had befriended in Bahrain, two of his four Lear pilots (Hancock's own pilot's licence was cancelled following a heart bypass operation a few years ago), a Canadian-born real estate developer from Perth and his girlfriend, Ken McCamey and his son, a visiting Filipino father and son, and a tall and striking Filipino woman who said very little and smoked a lot.

That was Rose, Hancock's companion wherever he has travelled these past few years. Throughout the evening she socialised with all the guests without involving herself in anything approaching a real conversation, constantly darting back to be by the old man's side as he stroked her hand. A man whose wealth and controversial views have placed him under scrutiny for two decades, Hancock came straight to the point with the ground rules if we were to share his private life for the next couple of days: no photos of, or questions about, Rose. (Those rules were waived recently for national press photographers when Hancock married Rose in a Sydney wedding attended mostly by his employees or business associates.)

After we had consumed the overdone steaks and sausages and several bottles of the Yalumba Carte d'Or — Hancock, a lifelong teetotaller, takes little interest in what is served from his cellar — the pilots showed their versatility by quickly erecting a large screen, on to which flickered the entertainment for the evening, an ancient BBC documentary in which a younger Hancock explains to a wide-eyed reporter that Australia's future lies in developing the mineral resources of the north-west, a process which could be hastened dramatically if the bloody bureaucrats would get out of the way, and so on and so forth.

Occasionally during the screening there were murmurs of approval from the audience as Hancock made points about the need for uranium mining, or his idea for a tax haven north of the 26th parallel. The man himself simply stared at the screen, as if seeing the footage for the first time. We were served coffee at intermission, and then

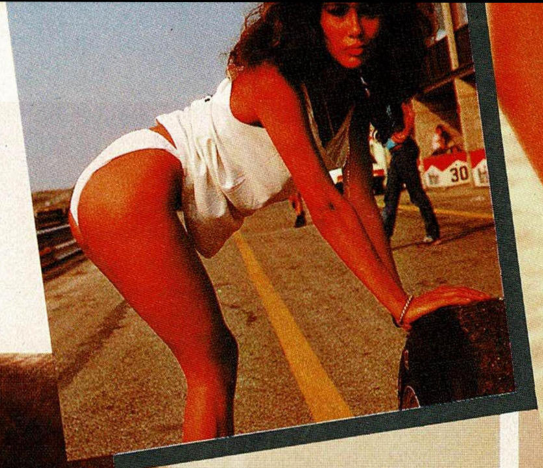
(continued on page 102)

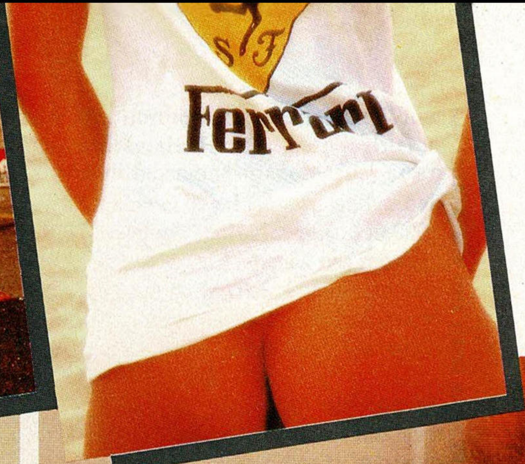
PHOTOGRAPHY BY HANS UDEN AND WIM BAGGELAAR

It takes a Formula One racer to really get Shirley-Jane going.

RACY LADY

"I'm never in a bad mood, probably because I'm surrounded by a bunch of extremely exciting drivers. When their adrenalin is up, so's mine."

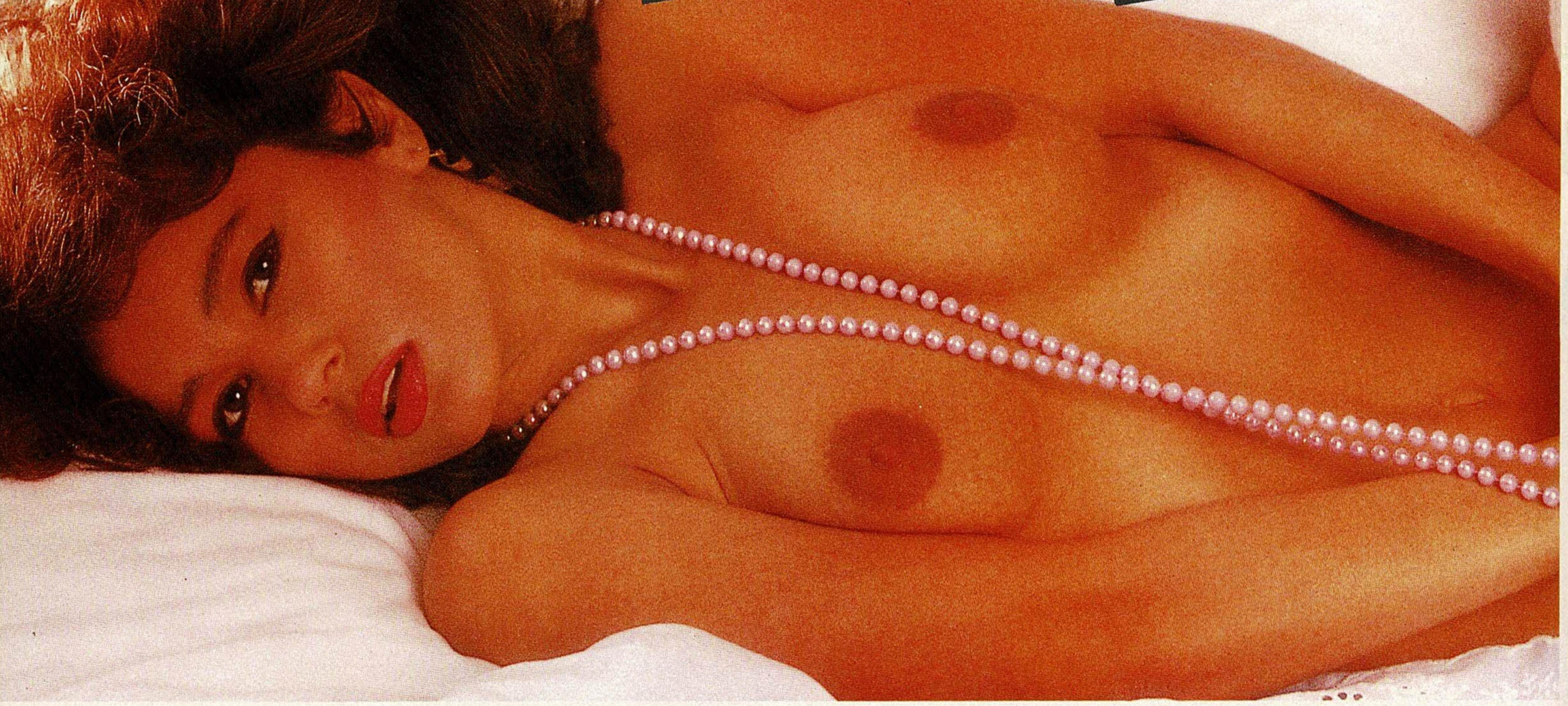




With Adelaide hosting Australia's first Formula One Grand Prix event you can rest assured that the City of Churches will never be the same again. But the excitement at Grand Prix events isn't necessarily confined to the track. The action in the pits is often a whole lot more eye-catching. And why shouldn't it be with girls like Shirley-Jane Mercier slithering into overalls so they can help out? Shirley-Jane was introduced to motor-racing in 1981 when she was working as a promotional girl in the pits. She's quick to point out, however, that she wasn't just a pit groupie out to flirt with the drivers. "I'm not like that at all," she says. "I was completely fascinated by the atmosphere and the speed. I love the excitement that's generated by such an event." A couple of years ago

"I am most definitely the romantic type. I love walks in the moonlight and all that sort of thing. My men have to be soft and sensual but not at the cost of being macho. They have to be all male."

"I've got Indonesian, Hawaiian, French, German and Dutch blood in my veins. I'm really a bit of an international fruit salad!"



Shirley-Jane met superstar driver Gilles Villeneuve at a yachting festival in Monaco. One thing led to another and she ended up packing her bags to travel the circuit for a year with the Ferrari team. "It was a fantastic experience although it was a traumatic time for me when Gilles was killed practising for the 1983 Zandvoort Grand Prix," Shirley-Jane explains. "It was awful, but then motor racing can be the cruellest of sports. Life has to go on for the rest of us and you have to be able to overcome things like that."

Now we doubt any of you need any prompting whatsoever but just in case: Don't forget to keep an eye out for Shirley-Jane around the pits in Adelaide. This is one fast lady you won't want to miss.

MISS NOVEMBER
PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH

Shirley-Jane Mercier

PLAYMATE DATA SHEET

NAME: Shirley-Jane Mercier
BUST: 88cm (35") WAIST: 56cm (22") HIPS: 84cm (33")
HEIGHT: 165cm WEIGHT: 51Kg SIGN: Cancer
BIRTH DATE: 7-7-63
AMBITIONS: To be a very successful, independent woman
TURN-ONS: Formula One racing, muscular bodies, provocative men
TURN-OFFS: Men who approach me in an intimidating manner, men who are boastful and violent.
FAVORITE BOOKS: Poland, Brilliant Creatures, The Far Pavilions, Sons And Lovers
FAVORITE PERFORMERS: George Michael, Duran Duran, Arnold Schwarzenegger
FAVORITE SPORTS: Swimming, sailing and cricket
IDEAL MAN: Body builder who loves speed, sport and sex!
SECRET FANTASY: To be with a divine man on a Caribbean island when The moon is full.

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

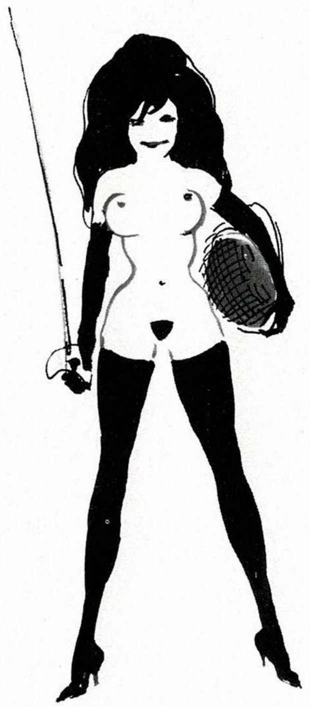
I'm sorry to phone so early in the morning," the doctor apologised, "but I've got some news for you. Which would you rather hear first — the bad news or the *very* bad news?"

"Start with the bad," said the nervous patient.

"Well," the doctor began, "the diagnosis is that you've got 24 hours to live."

The doomed man gasped, then recovered enough to ask, "What's the *very* bad news?"

"I couldn't get you on the phone yesterday."



It was just before council election time and the mayor of the large country town was relaxing in his bedroom one afternoon. His thoughts strayed to a very attractive woman he'd met at a party the night before and be began masturbating as he lay on his bed.

Suddenly an intruder burst into the bedroom and took several photographs of the mayor using a fast motor-drive in a very swish camera.

"What the hell do you think you're doing?" shouted the embarrassed mayor.

"Just thought I'd make some spare cash," laughed the intruder. "Imagine how much the local paper will pay for these shots!"

The mayor begged the man to hand over the film and then offered to pay him for the camera.

"It'll cost you 10 grand for the camera and the film," the intruder replied.

The flustered mayor pulled on his trousers, went to his safe and handed over the cash. A short while later, he was sitting in the lounge clutching the camera when his housekeeper appeared to make his evening meal.

"New camera?" she queried.

"Er, yes," he murmured.

"Gosh, it's real nice," she said, examining it closely. "What did it cost?"

"I bought it from a professional photographer," he muttered. "It cost $10,000."

"Heavens above!" the housekeeper exclaimed. "He certainly must have seen you coming!"

A young married couple left the sex therapist's office determined to develop more effective body language.

"Okay," the husband said, "when I *want* sex, I'll rub your right breast. When I *don't* want sex, I'll rub your left breast."

"Fine," his wife replied, "but what about me?"

"When you *want* sex, rub my penis once. When you *don't* want sex, rub my penis 500 times."

A wealthy couple, hit hard by a spate of bad investments, was trying to find ways to save money. Things got nasty when neither the very patriotic husband nor the nymphomaniac wife was willing to give up anything.

"If you learned how to cook," sneered the husband, "we could get rid of the chef."

"If you learned how to make love," his wife retorted, "we could get rid of the flagpole."

There were two neighboring farmers who were great friends. One had a son and the other a daughter and the two youngsters had been dating each other for several years.

One morning Farmer Jones went tearing over to Farmer Brown's house and declared that his daughter wasn't allowed to see her boyfriend ever again.

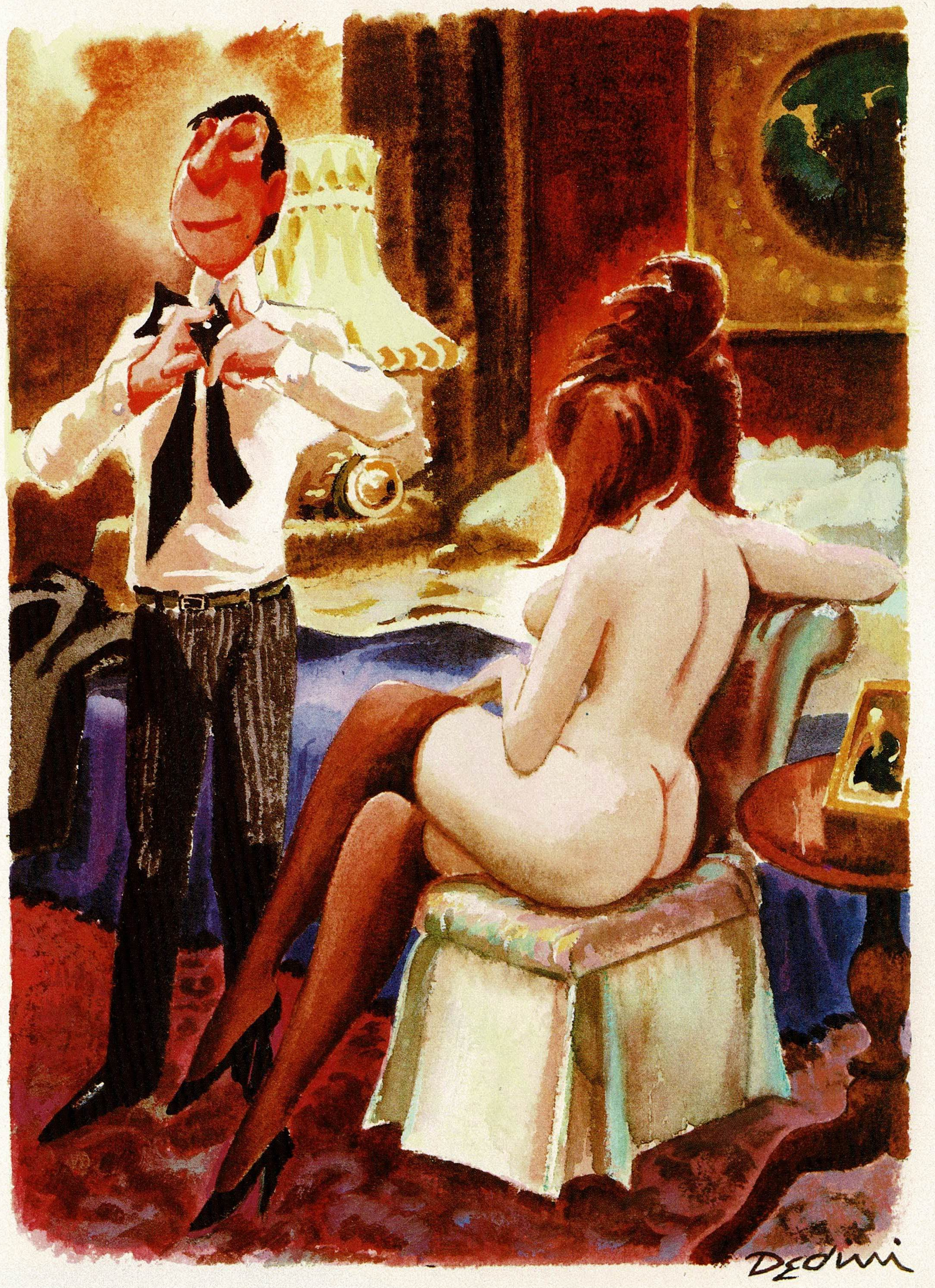
"Why not?" questioned Farmer Brown. "What's the problem?"

"Well, last week when we had that heavy fall of snow, your son pissed his name in the snow."

"What's the matter with that? It's only boyish high spirits!"

"Boyish high spirits, maybe!" spluttered Farmer Jones. "But it was in my daughter's handwriting!"

Heard a good one lately? Send it to Party Jokes Editor, Australian PLAYBOY, PO Box 746, Darlinghurst 2010. We'll pay $25 for each joke used.



"Tell me more about your marriage that's solid as a rock."

ILLUSTRATION BY ALEX LAVROFF.

LEWD FOOD

Susan Kurosawa presents a smorgasbord of edible erotica.

IT'S AN acknowledged fact that the great lovers throughout history have also been connoisseurs of food and wine. You wouldn't have caught Don Juan, for example, attempting to woo a maiden over *diner a deux* of bangers and beer, Rudolph Valentino luring damsels of the desert through his tent-flaps for a romantic repast of charred chops and cheap plonk, or Casanova planning a seduction scenario around prunes and port wine. Food can be as important

as sex. Let's face it, we expire without the former and we wish we were dead without the latter. The association between food and sex goes back as far as the Garden of Eden and all that carry-on about an apple, and throughout the centuries, various foods have emerged as aphrodisiacs.

The front runners in this field have been oysters, caviar, shellfish, truffles, mushrooms, strawberries and chocolate. In the case of caviar, good chocolate and truffles, the heady results of dining on these delicacies can probably be attributed to sheer expense. The other items all contain zinc, a mineral nutrient which sexologists link with impotence. Without sufficient zinc, males cannot produce enough testosterone, which means that hormone levels are too low to allow full sexual arousal.

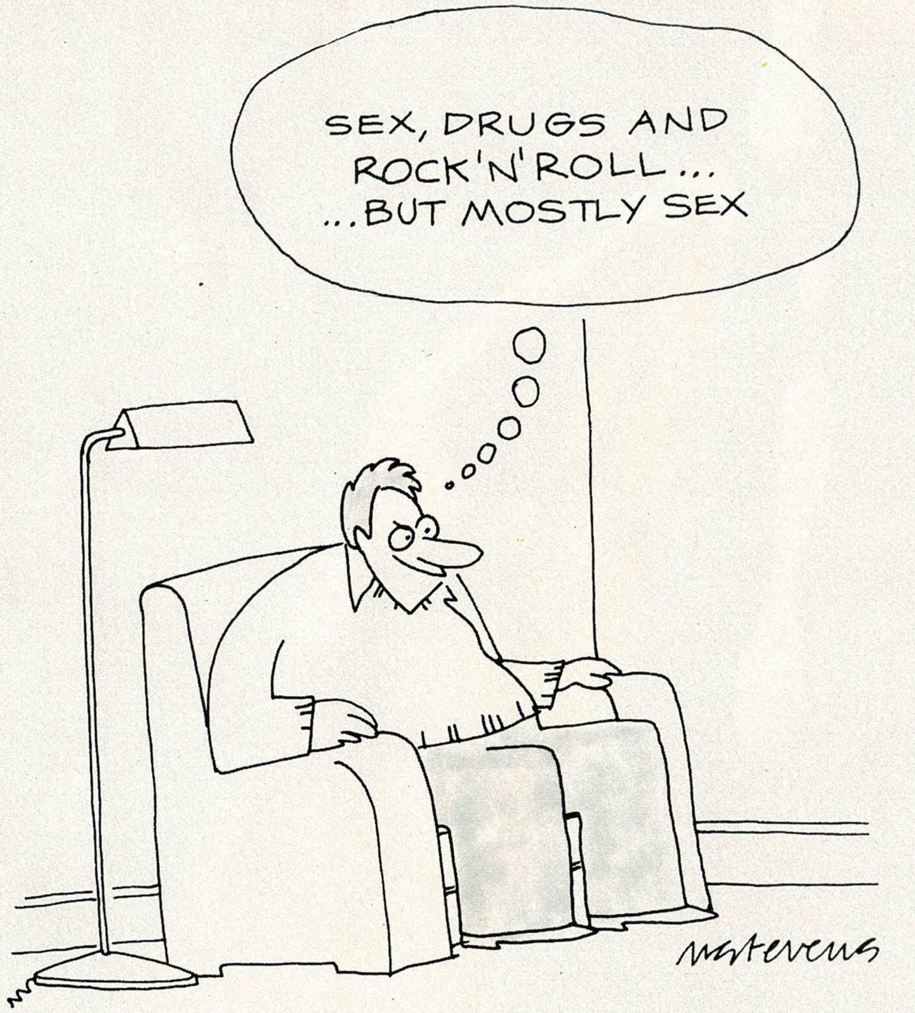
Zinc reserves can also be depleted by smoking tobacco and marijuana, drinking alcohol, coffee and cola beverages, and taking certain medications. Other foodstuffs which contain good levels of zinc include potatoes, wheat germ, rye, chilli, calf's liver, cornmeal, lamb, chicken, cabbage, green beans, green peppers, apples, butter and parsnips.

Any of these foods can be termed "nutridisiacs", or nutritional aphrodisiacs. Their intake in sensible quantities on a regular basis should enhance the male libido and may contribute to rectifying any sexual dysfunction such as erectile problems. They are far more accessible and much healthier than such sought-after and hideously expensive aphrodisiacs as rhinoceros horn and Spanish fly.

The former item is particularly popular with Orientals and can be purchased from any of the curious herbal medicine shops which line the backstreets of Singapore, Hong Kong and other Asian capitals. Prices rocket to as much as US$5000 for a horn, but there is no medical evidence whatsoever backing up the efficacy of this supposed libido-lifter. Spanish fly is a preparation of powdered blister beetles which enjoys some popularity among Southern Europeans, although medical experts warn that it can cause genital irritation if taken internally and prolonged use can lead to death.

Other coveted aphrodisiacs in the East include dried dog's penis (to be chopped and simmered in a rugged broth) and bear's paws (big mountain bears from China are bred for this purpose; their paws are regularly coated with honey and the constant licking leads to an abnormal growth of these appendages). Again, there's no proof that either of those two aphrodisiacs really do the job.

Sex shops and various mail-order companies also do a healthy trade in potions and lotions designed to give the male sex drive a bit of a jolt and to heighten the pleasure of love-making. I can't comment on the viability of the full range available, but I can report on an ill-fated encounter with a past lover who insisted one evening on rubbing his penis with a lotion which was called, so help me, Aphrodite Amour. It was a giddy green in color, rather vinegary in odor, he complained later of a bothersome rash and I was left feeling as if I'd been stirred with a giant dill pickle.


SEX, DRUGS AND ROCK'N'ROLL... ...BUT MOSTLY SEX
Mattevens

That incident aside, I believe you have a far better chance of, as they say, putting lead in your pencil, if you follow a diet made up of the foods mentioned earlier. Endocrinologists (specialists dealing with glands and their various secretions) also laud the properties of vitamin B15, or dimethylglycine (DMG), which has come to be known as "the love nutrient". As one endocrinologist says, "Taking DMG gives you a good, firm erection when you desire it and increases your sexual energy. . . there won't be any sexual burn-out for you if the DMG nutridisiac becomes part of your food supply."

You can supplement your diet with DMG in pill form or consume it in foods such as apricots, lentils, pumpkin and sesame seeds, walnuts, brown rice, and leafy green and yellow vegetables.

If your diet is sound and your sexual urges raging, you're more than ready to cope with an evening of lewd food: a feast of naughty nosh served in the smoothest of surroundings and guaranteed to have the object of your desire agog with anticipation. Now this is not going to be achieved with a spread of cabbage, parsnips and roast chook. We're going past nutridisiacs and into the realm of phallic and sensual foods. Edibles that have either an erotic shape or feel to them or else a wickedly exotic taste that makes tastebuds fairly quiver with delight.

It's going to take some planning. It's not the sort of extravaganza that can be whipped out of the fridge at a moment's notice. But neither does it require *cordon bleu* credentials. The best part about these sensual substances is that they can be served virtually naked. Only a pinch of preparation and a dab of dressing-up is required. This menu is for anyone who owns a wooden spoon, an oven, a matching pair of dinner plates and a double bed. And remember to set out only forks on the table as all the dishes can be eaten with one hand, leaving the other free for, well, other things.

The evening should be sparked off by a couple of pre-dinner drinks. Forget the Liquid Orgasms, Blushing Tits, Leg Openers and other hand-on-the-knee cocktails offered by singles' wine bars. They have a high alcoholic content and only serve to confuse the palate, befuddle the brain and, er, subdue more vital pieces of equipment. Opt for frosty French champagne, a perfect dry martini in a bosomy glass plopped with a smooth olive to roll around the mouth, or suggest she fingers a highball (an astringent gin and tonic with loads of ice is fine). These beverages will tease the tastebuds for the banquet to follow.

Oysters are ideal as an appetiser; the texture is squishy-soft and all that zinc will set you up for the rest of the evening. Break a dozen of these delectable molluscs between two. Serve them on the shell with lemon wedges, fingers of brown bread (chop off the crusts) and a shower of freshly ground black pepper. A lot of oohing and aahing should take place as the oysters slippery-dip down your throats. If you're feeling reckless, plonk a dollop of caviar atop each specimen and hold the pepper. The result is pure oral orgasm.

The next in our food foreplay is the entree. Choose something deceptively easy. Stay away from garlic, curry powder, onions and red beans. There's nothing romantic about rajah's breath and fiery flatulence. If it's in season, fresh asparagus is perfect. These embarrassingly phallic, slender, moist green spears are correctly eaten with the fingers. Make sure you caress them with your tongue, nibble them meaningfully and dip them in a creamy hollandaise sauce spiked with lemon to keep your palate alert.

The main event should be an orchestration of taste and texture sensations. There are many possibilities but I rather like the idea of a simple medley that will keep you out of the kitchen and into the action. Spaghetti marinara is an ideal choice. The sauce should contain zinc-ridden mussels, scallops and clams, perhaps some chunks of a fleshy fish. Any self-respecting cookbook can show you the way but go easy on the garlic. Stick to cracked black pepper and lots of tomato paste for extra seasoning.

Eating the pasta can be a very suggestive affair. All that sucking and slurping on strands of spaghetti. Try sharing one large dish and chances are you'll both start vacuuming up the same long piece; meeting in the middle could lead to all sorts of possibilities. While all this is going on, keep an eye on your alcohol intake. The purpose of the evening is to land you both between the sheets and not under the table. The entree and main course should be partnered by a dry white wine of reasonable quality. Paint stripper masquerading as cask wine simply won't do. A light red, perhaps one of the well-priced French beaujolais styles now on the market, will do equally as well. Don't quaff the stuff: this interlude is all about anticipation and suggestion. Nothing here is to be gulped or shovelled.

Dessert represents the epitome of edible erotica. It's all to do with the suggestive shape of fruit, the smoothness of vigorously whipped cream and the sinful connotations of rich chocolate. Strawberries top the bill. Serve them dusted with caster sugar, stroked with cream and drizzled with liqueur. Or dip the firm, ripe berries in chocolate (just melt a bar of good dark chocolate in a saucepan, stirring until thick, and then dip the strawberries, with their stalks up, please, and allow to cool at room temperature). Pop them into the fridge for a couple of hours before serving. The cold chocolate chills the tongue and then the ripe fruit explodes on to the palate.

And don't overlook jelly for a dessert option. I know most of us consider that it went out with nursery rhymes and teddy bears' picnics, but there are few substances as sensual in texture. It's not an original idea, but if the lady in question has a wry sense of humor, you could prepare two perfect mounds of fleshpink jelly (don't attempt this without proper moulds from your nearest kitchenware shop) topped with halved red glace cherries. Serve quivering as a pair on a silver platter. Not a ripper of an idea, I might add, if your dinner partner has size 32A breasts and has worn her best padded bra for the occasion.

HOW TO COUNT CALORIES AND LOVE IT

It's often been said that all the best things in life are illegal, immoral or fattening. Well, we think sex is one of life's more pleasurable pursuits and it's been proven that a bout of unbridled passion definitely won't make you fat. So, if the two of you, er, stuff yourselves with oysters, strawberries and champagne to start, you can then burn off calories in the most enjoyable of exercises. It's all to do with the escalation of muscular and visceral activity, and the pepped-up rate of the blood circulatory system. But you can't cheat. A full-scale, thundering orgasm, for example, will work off 60 calories per minute but a faked one will only shed 10. If you plunge recklessly into the whole gamut of sexual possibilities, you may even *lose* some weight. Sure beats cottage cheese and the gym.

Sexual Activity	Calories Burned Per Minute
A lustful look	1
A light kiss	2
A passionate kiss	3
Light petting	3
Heavy petting	4
Removing clothes (in summer)	8
Removing clothes (in winter)	11
Embracing while naked	10
Inserting diaphragm	4
Fumbling for condom	6
Cunnilingus	4
Fellatio	14
Moaning	5
Moaning and tearing hair	8
Getting an erection	3
Keeping an erection	83
Intercourse (with your wife or girlfriend)	25
Intercourse (with someone else's wife or girlfriend)	100
Orgasm (real)	60
Orgasm (faked)	10
Avoiding the wet spot	2
Showering afterwards (alone)	6
Showering afterwards (together)	26
Saying thank you	10
Saying thank you (and meaning it)	90

And if you'd rather this creature wasn't wearing a bra at all, and you suspect the overtones of the rest of the meal may have been too subtle, resort to mangoes. Extract a couple of these plump specimens from their plain brown paper grocery wrapper, lead her to the bathroom and explain that mangoes must be undressed and sucked in a bathtub. It's worth a try.

And that brings us to chocolates. There are almost as many chocoholics in the world as sex maniacs. I've seen grown men go to pieces at the prospect of a clandestine chocolate fix. In fact, I've heard "strength" defined as the capacity to break a chocolate bar into four pieces with your bare hands and then eat just one portion. Still, we're into indulgence, not self-control, here, so serve a selection of pricey chocolates with the coffee and eat the lot.

If stomach space permits, a very oozy brie cheese will do splendidly with the after-dinner drinks. Always serve at room temperature and never settle for one of those rubbery boxed varieties from the depths of your supermarket freezer. Lots of finger licking should accompany the consumption of the cheese; a velvety liqueur (Kahlua and cream, for instance) will crown your X-rated repast.

I haven't mentioned such obvious rude food as rampant frankfurters with mashed potato balls. Not known for her subtlety the inimitable Dame Edna Everage came up with a few variations on that theme in her riotous *Coffee Table Book.* Consider, if you will, a Pacific Grill (pineapple rings impaled by stiff pork sausages), Bruce's Bumble Bee Balls (fruity creations with a foreskin of desiccated coconut) and foaming cocktails garnished with cukes, gherkins and little red and green onions.

This is fun stuff but unlikely to engender the same mood of longing and lust as food which looks and feels genuinely erotic. There's nothing deliciously depraved about having a lukewarm frankfurter stuffed in your, um, face, but most women could stand the thought of mashed strawberries and silky-soft cream being applied to parts of their body bearing no geographical relationship to the mouth.

That's another subject altogether, and I would hope you don't need me to tell you how to dispose of the dessert leftovers of this Bacchanalian banquet.

Eat your heart out, Casanova!

PHOTOGRAPH BY MARIO CASILLI

20 QUESTIONS: ROSANNA ARQUETTE

Hollywood's most desperately sought young actress discusses abortion, abstinence, hitting the big time. . . and her relationship with co-star Madonna.

Actress Rosanna Arquette, at 25, is this generation's answer to Jane Fonda and Meryl Streep. Aside from movies such as the hugely successful Desperately Seeking Susan in which she co-stars with Madonna, we Australians know her as the inspiration for Toto's hit song, Rosanna, sung by her then boyfriend, keyboardist Steve Porcaro; and also as Gary Gilmore's wildly sensuous girlfriend in The Executioner's Song. ***Claudia Dreifus*** *caught up with Ms Arquette in New York. Her report:*

"Rosanna Arquette dresses in mink coats and punk outfits, but her face gives away the show: it betrays every small feeling, every nuance of emotion. One thing her face clearly registers is an almost physical loathing of the press. But, trouper to the end, Rosanna talks openly; whatever's on her mind at a given moment tumbles out."

1.

PLAYBOY: Can it be true, as we've heard, that you're insecure about your looks?

ARQUETTE: Yeah. I have buck teeth. I hate my thighs. I don't think I'm pretty at all. On the other hand, Madonna has an absolutely exquisite face. She's a beauty.

2.

PLAYBOY: You two became close during the filming of *Desperately Seeking Susan.* What did you chat about?

ARQUETTE: Mostly girl talk. She's really secure. She wants to be a star and she's very comfortable with that, and works hard at it. She's great with the press because she doesn't give a shit what anybody says about her. I read a terrible thing about her and she said, "Oh, don't worry about it. Doesn't mean anything." I mean, *I'd* be a wreck! But Madonna's a symbol right now: she's a thing instead of a person. I will never be that big.

3.

PLAYBOY: But you are on the verge of serious stardom. Talk to any critic and they'll say: "Rosanna Arquette is going to be *the* star of the late 1980s." Sounds like you dread all that's about to happen to you.

ARQUETTE: I dread losing privacy. Last year people used to stop me and say, "Hey, aren't you Nastassja Kinski?" But now they're stopping me and going, "Hey, Rosann-ah!" There's something both nice and weird about it. My grandfather, Cliff Arquette, was a well-known American TV personality. One day he suffered a heart attack in Los Angeles and people kept asking him for an autograph while he needed to get to a hospital. Isn't that sick?

4.

PLAYBOY: Do you hang out much in Hollywood?

ARQUETTE: No. I'm a very private person. I don't go to Hollywood parties. Never have. I live in a very rustic canyon house with mice, a fireplace and wood-burning stoves. Far as I'm concerned, the Hollywood scene is full of shit.

5.

PLAYBOY: Since you've hit the big time, are people trying to get close to you because you're a name?

ARQUETTE: Yeah. But I'm also getting the opposite too. Suddenly, people are really weird with me. I talked with (ex-boyfriend) Steve Porcaro this morning and asked him, "Did that happen with the band, too?" And he said, "Oh, yeah, they're all expecting you to be an arsehole so that they can start treating you differently." I don't know Sissy Spacek personally, but she seems like the kind of woman I can admire a lot. She lives away from Hollywood and she does her work and has her baby and her husband — and she shows up at the Oscars looking incredibly gorgeous. She's comfortable about herself, and so am I, and I hope to stay that way.

6.

PLAYBOY: One of the nice things about becoming a star is the money you're making. Any plans for your movie-made fortune?

ARQUETTE: I have a production company and I'm going to start developing scripts for myself. I give a lot of money to charities: Ethiopia, the Southern Poverty Law Centre which works against the Ku Klux Klan, and a physicians' group against nuclear war. I also help my family out a lot — my brothers and sisters are going to school. But you know, the more money you make, the more you spend. My agents get 10 percent. My manager gets another 10 percent. Lawyers get money; accountants; and the government too.

By the time you count it all up, I only end up with about 10 or, at best, 15 percent of what I make so my "movie-made fortune" isn't too great yet.

7.

PLAYBOY: Does it bug you that just about every director you've worked with makes an effort to show you topless?

ARQUETTE: Yeah. But I don't do that anymore, unless it's important to the script. Screen nudity was a real problem for me when I was with Steve Porcaro. He hated to see me undressed in movies.

8.

PLAYBOY: Well, you certainly made an impression that way. Martin Scorsese confessed in print that he's long been obsessed with you. There was a time when he and writer Jay Cocks were staying at a house in the desert, writing a screenplay and fantasising about you. Cocks described the two of them as "two obsessed guys far from home, dwelling on a vision of unbounded carnality". Do you see yourself as "unbounded carnality"?

ARQUETTE: No. Scorsese didn't mean it like that. He happened to have a part for me and he liked me as an actress. He's obsessed with me as an actress, not as a body or a thing. I've got to make that very clear. He never tried to screw me. He's not that kind of guy.

9.

PLAYBOY: One of the things we haven't seen in the many recent articles about you is your outspoken views on current issues. For instance, you speak out in favor of maintaining legalised abortion. Did you ever have one?

ARQUETTE: Well, as a matter of fact, yes. And so did my mother when she was pregnant with me. I mean, she was in a doctor's office when it was illegal and the place got raided and the doctor got arrested. This was during the 1950s when women used to go to these old buildings and they'd do it with a knife and a newspaper. I mean, some *butcher-doctor*. Actually I've had two: one when I was much younger, and one two years ago. I was deeply involved with a man at the time. We made the decision together that it wasn't the right time for us to have a baby. It wasn't a pleasant experience. We were going to get married and the moment just wasn't right. The abortion ended up being okay because I broke up with that person. So, you know, I wouldn't want to have the marriage break up and have a two-year-old running around.

10.

PLAYBOY: What do you find attractive in a man?

ARQUETTE: First, a man who's secure with himself. Then, someone who's very creative: the crazy-genius type. I've always been with one. Also, eccentric and sensitive men. A man who can cry and not be ashamed of it. Men who love to be intimate and tell secrets.

Before I turned 25 I was addicted to a Svengali-type of man: an older man who knew everything, took complete care of me, but who never accepted me.

The man I'm with now [*record producer James Newton Howard*] is nothing like that. We're best friends and no matter what, we tell each other what's going on. I've known him for a long time. We were friends before we were lovers.

11.

PLAYBOY: The relationship you were in before, with Steve Porcaro, was quite different. The rumors are that he was the great love of your life but that he wasn't very supportive of your work; he wanted you to keep house. True?

ARQUETTE: He says that it isn't true anymore. But I don't know. I think we wanted different things. A man has to be really strong to deal with my career. Because, you know, I need a wife too. He wasn't terrible to me and we're still great friends. It's just that we both grew up. But you know, I don't want to keep talking about my ex-relationship. We're really good friends and in fact my boyfriend, James, is one of his best friends. He's got a new life and he's really happy. He's straight now and he's got a girlfriend and we're pals. End of story.

12.

PLAYBOY: Defend monogamy.

ARQUETTE: It's real important for me. I want a relationship where I can be very true. I've had the others, where my mate was not monogamous, while I was. That's awful. I never was a person who had one-night stands.

People, probably readers of this magazine, might think, "Oh how sad for the poor girl." But I've never been laid in my life by someone I wasn't in love with — or at least had a deep friendship with. I've never made love to a stranger.

13.

PLAYBOY: You'd be surprised who reads this magazine. But tell us, what's wrong with one-night stands?

ARQUETTE: There's nothing wrong with them, if that's your decision. That's just not *my* choice. You're taking on a lot when you make love with someone. When you make love, you take on not just their body and their sperm, but their whole vibration. I couldn't do that with someone I didn't know real well. It would be empty.

I have a lot of friends who get laid a lot and I find that fascinating. I talk to them about it and it's like, wow, a trip.

14.

PLAYBOY: You grew up in one of the hippest families of all times. For those of us who were plagued with hopelessly square parents, tell us what we were missing.

ARQUETTE: My mother, Mardi Arquette, is a poet and was active in the peace movement. My father, Lewis, is a terrific improvisational actor. They believed very strongly in raising their kids to be free and happy and creative. In lots of ways, I'm a child of the 1960s. I've always known about sex and it was never a very shocking thing to me. We lived in a nudist colony for one summer when I was a kid. We also lived in a commune in Virginia for a while. I knew what an orgasm was at a young age. I was very uninhibited and my parents always said, "The body is a beautiful thing and it's important to know about your body parts." My mother told me where to get birth control when I made the decision I wanted it.

On the other hand, my parents never had the attitude that it was okay to screw anyone you wanted. Their attitude definitely was not "Go fuck your brains out."

> *I've never been laid by someone I wasn't in love with — or at least had a deep friendship with. I've never made love to a stranger.*

15.

PLAYBOY: How did those attitudes affect you?

ARQUETTE: It's ironic that growing up around such relaxed sexual attitudes, sex still wasn't all that easy at first for me. My first sexual experience, for instance, was terrible. I was 15 and it was with someone I'd known all my life and it was kind of a forced situation. On a cot. In a basement. I remember saying, "I hate this." Well, most people I talk to say their first experience was weird.

And also in those days, I experimented with a lot of drugs. Acid, whatever. I did that kind of thing until I was about 19. When I got real serious about my work and my career, I stopped doing drugs altogether. I don't do anything now.

16.

PLAYBOY: Did you leave home around then, when you were 15?

ARQUETTE: Yes. I grew up fast. In my head, I was ready to leave the nest, though when I look at pictures of myself then, I seem like such a baby. I hitch-hiked from Chicago to California with some friends. It was great, though I wouldn't suggest it to anyone these days.

I worked for a while at these Renaissance Fairs. For a while I lived with my aunt and uncle, and then I had my first serious relationship with a man. It was also my first experience with the Svengali kind of man I'd be involved with a lot after that. He was 33. It was pretty sickening.

17.

PLAYBOY: Why did you recently go through a drug rehabilitation program?

ARQUETTE: It wasn't really for me — it was for a friend. This was 16 months ago. My friend had a cocaine problem. So I went through the program with him. He got completely straight from the program and I learned an awful lot. I was raised around people who had drug problems. And so that sort of atmosphere affected me and the relationships that I chose. I was never addicted, but I got involved with people who were.

One thing I decided, because of the program, was never to use anything, no matter how "recreational", again. And, as a result, I haven't smoked, drunk, or done anything since — one day at a time.

18.

PLAYBOY: Were your parents into drugs?

ARQUETTE: My mother wasn't. If I came home stoned, she'd get unbelievably mad. But I would get high with my father. Like when I was 15. [*laughing*] We would smoke joints together.

19.

PLAYBOY: Your father is an actor, too. Is he proud that you've gone into the family business?

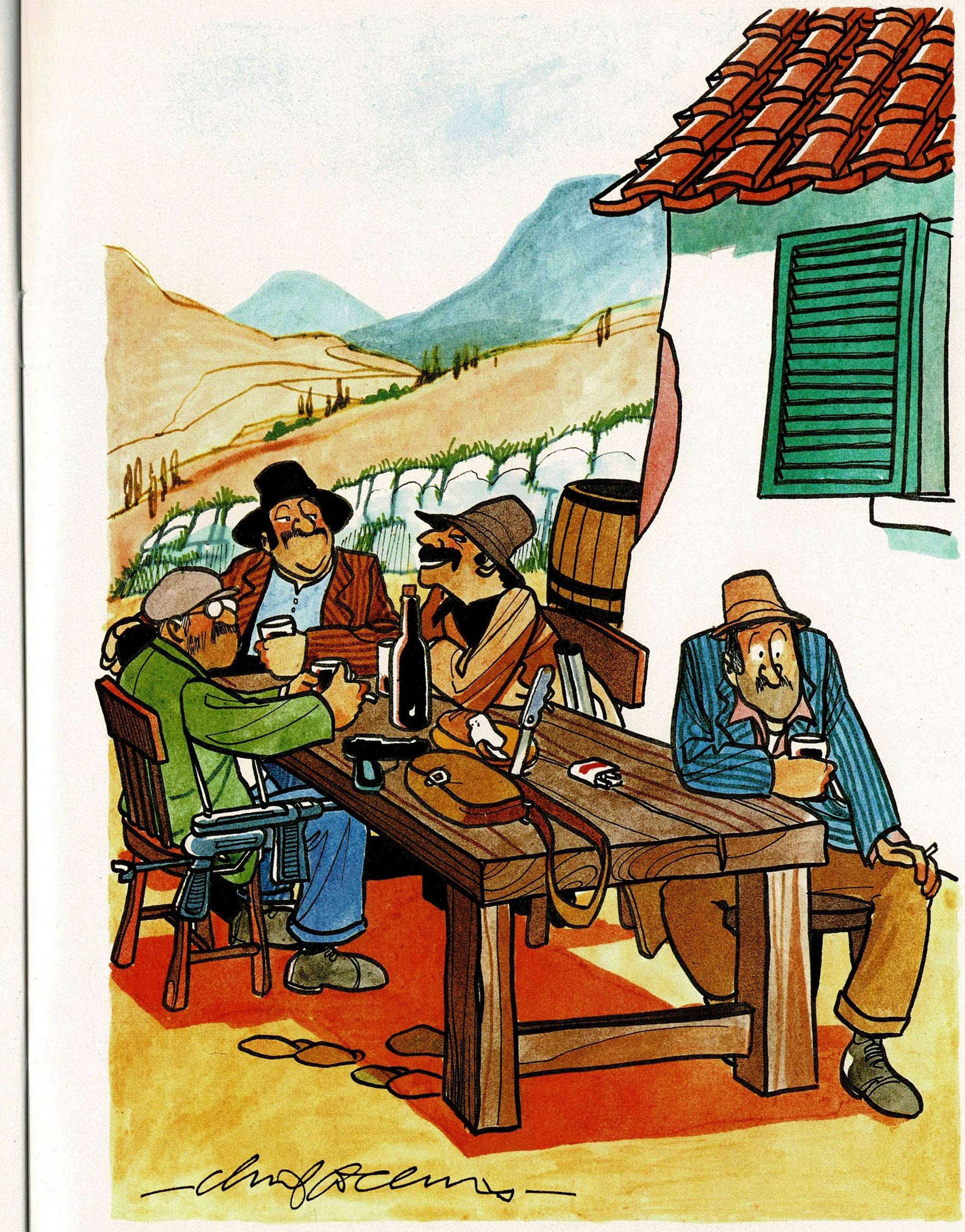
ARQUETTE: Well, I don't know why, but my father hasn't spoken to me in a year. He's never called to congratulate me or anything. I don't understand it and I probably never will. But it's good in one way: it's made me grow up. I have a really incredible therapist and I've learned a lot from him. Like why I've chosen to be with a lot of men who are exactly like my father. I've chosen people who are not at all accepting of me and what I do.

It's strange because my father was so supportive of me when I was a kid. I can't believe I'm talking about this.

20.

PLAYBOY: Why therapy?

ARQUETTE: It's good to talk about your life with someone who's objective. I recommend it to anyone who's working stuff through. I'd rather not give out the details, but it saved my life. I go. James and I go together, too. We go to this guy. His name is Don. He's helped me let go of things and go on with my life.



"Poor Luigi's so unhappy. . . still waiting to kidnap Miss Right. . ."

FALL GIRLS

What's going down in the ring keeps the fans coming back for more.

IT'S HARD to be a princess. Especially on those days when it feels as though the whole world is sitting on your face. But part of being a princess is the art of displaying grace under pressure. And, when it comes to grace under pressure, Princess Tara of Melbourne is a superstar. How many women do you know who can bounce back from a flying dropkick with a smile? How well do you think that other princess would cope — the wimpy, soppy one who lives with Big Ears in England — if someone rushed up to her in public, threw her on her back and tried to see how far

Article by **PAUL MANN**

PHOTOGRAPHY BY TOMEK AND ERYK

her legs would open? Be a bit of a blue, wouldn't there?

Yet Princess Tara cruises regally through that kind of thing two or three times a month at all her public engagements. And, in her own eyes, she is just as much royalty as Princess Diana. Princess Tara is wrestling royalty, a bogus box-office blueblood hoping to find fame, fortune and a bit of fun. One of only half a dozen female professional wrestlers in Australia, Princess Tara has been fighting professionally for eight years, through wrestling's great depression. Most women wrestlers in Australia work at day jobs to pay the rent between bouts because wrestling has been struggling for more than a decade. Women's wrestling, in particular, has always been at the bottom of the heap, rated somewhere between a freak show and bad theatre in a sport known more for its flamboyance than its finesse.

Still, most sports go through cycles of popularity and at the moment professional wrestling is enjoying a comeback boom, assisted by the participation of TV stars such as Mr T and rock songstress Cindi Lauper who has a stable of male and female wrestlers and occasionally gets in the ring herself. The Channel 10 Network has renewed telecasts of pro wrestling from the States, introducing a new and susceptible audience to the menagerie of grappling grotesques and gargoyles who populate the pro circuit.

Ironically, while the male wrestlers are virtually all overweight, over-the-top caricatures, as pro wrestling tradition apparently requires, equality of the sexes has brought forth a new generation of women wrestlers. Most are fit, tough and sexy, with bodies streamlined by training and weightlifting. They are genuine Amazons bringing a whole new brand of no-holds-barred feminism to the ring and a whole new audience to the gate.

Aussie promoters who bring the American male and female wrestling stars out to fight Australian wrestlers are hoping the American boom will spin off here and bring back the kind of crowds which haven't been seen at wrestling nights in Australia since the '60s and early '70s.

With more than 400 pro fights behind her, a strong, clearly defined public image as a wrestling goody, and her own loyal following, Princess Tara is well placed to cash in on the expected boom. Not only that, Australia's only wrestling princess hopes she'll get a chance to wrestle Americans on their own turf instead of waiting for them to come here. After all, what's the point in being a princess if you can't make the occasional royal tour?

If you haven't worked it out by now, you ought to know that wrestling thrives on one vital factor, and that's image. Image is everything in pro wrestling. If the audience doesn't buy the image projected by a particular wrestler, then that wrestler has failed. When Princess Tara takes on the Mad Mullah the audience has to believe that this is an event of some significance on the wrestling calendar, that this is an important clash between two wrestling greats and that the outcome, somehow, matters. When The Wild Man From Borneo meets Andre The Lumberjack in the ring, suspension of disbelief is crucial. People have to believe, at least for a while, that one of those blokes is from Borneo and he really is pretty wild and the other bloke used to chop down trees and beat up other lumberjacks. It doesn't matter that The Wild Man From Borneo may really be Ernie The Gas-Fitter From Essendon or that the closest Andre The Lumberjack ever gets to a tree is when he takes his dog for a walk.

What matters is that those two blokes *act the part*. If they can do that, then the fans will act *their* part. They'll get excited and involved, hurl abuse and howl for blood, and everybody will get their money's worth. Pro wrestling is really about audience participation in the ultimate theatre of the absurd. That doesn't mean it's all fake. People who dismiss pro wrestling because it's fake (and much of it is) are missing the point.

The idea is that people can lose themselves for a while in a fantastic real-life adventure in which the most extraordinary characters, who couldn't possibly exist outside of storybooks or bad movies, come together for the purpose of mortal combat. That means the image has to be plausible, however unlikely that may seem. And pro wrestlers will often protect their grotesque imagery as though their lives depended on it. Indeed, their livelihoods *do* depend on it.

The Wild Man From Borneo will eat bananas, skins and all, in public. He'll roll his eyes, grunt, wear bones, amulets and leopard skins. Princess Tara wears a scarlet satin cape and a delightful little tiara that twinkles in the lights when she climbs into the ring. She wears silver boots, red and white satin leotard and always makes sure her long blonde hair and her make-up are exactly right for a princess.

Scoff at The Wild Man From Borneo, tell him you know he's really Ernie The Gas-Fitter, and you could be on the receiving end of a forearm smash. The image may be fake but the forearm smash will be real. He's the one who will have made his point. Tell Princess Tara that you want to say she's really Pauline Steinmann, she runs a little instant print shop in Melbourne's inner city and she lives in a unit at the beachside suburb of Elwood, and she fixes you with a very firm gaze.

"I'm a princess," she says. "And I live in a castle by the sea. Okay?"

And if it's not okay?

"You know," she says, "I train with guys. One of them is 19 stone and I can lift him. I can lift boxing trainer Jack Rennie over my head and he's 16 stone. I could lift you over my head, no worries."

The princess has made her point. Pick too hard at the illusions with which some people surround themselves and all you'll get for your trouble is a black eye. Or a full nelson. But the princess does know all the charges of fakery which accompany pro wrestling. "Ninety-nine percent of people think pro wrestling is fake," she admits. "One hundred percent of people refuse to get in the ring and find out."

It is a familiar argument and I point out that this is probably because wrestlers harmlessly ham it up for each other in the ring while you and I know that if either of us were stupid enough to climb in and find out whether it's real or not, we'd be on the receiving end of a genuine hiding because the wrestlers would have to protect their reputations.

"No, we don't beat each other up all the time," says the princess. "Professional wrestling isn't supposed to be about people bashing each other. There is supposed to be some skill to it. The idea is to win through skill or cunning, not brute strength. If you go into the ring and hand out a good hiding, then you're only going to get it back and, believe me, you wouldn't last very long, the punishment would be too much. So we try to do the holds properly and when somebody flips you, then you go with it and you land properly, so's you don't hurt yourself. Like all that hair pulling between women wrestlers. It's not supposed to go on but a bit's okay because if you know what you're doing you won't really get hurt. The secret is, when you flip somebody by holding their hair you have to let go of their hair. If you didn't they'd do the same to you next time and then we'd all be bald, and how would that look?

"I don't think that's faking. Yeah, a lot of it is showbiz but half an hour in the ring is pretty strenuous and usually it's the fitter person who wins. You get tired, it's easier to pin you down. And accidents can happen, especially when you're tired.

"Blood has been spilled in the ring," she says. "My blood. And I've seen my teeth go flying. You should see my dentist's bill." And she points to several teeth. "I've lost that one... 'at one... 'at one. They're all crowns. There are plenty of injuries in wrestling to say it's real enough."

Watching women wrestlers hand out dainty little forearm smashes to the bony part of an opponent's upper chest only reinforces the impression that a lot of careful choreography goes into the fights. Especially considering that a blow to the breasts is, for a woman, as devastating as a kick in the family jewels is to a man. Surely, I add, if the fights were genuine there would, inevitably, be the occasional rap on the knockers and thence, easy, instant victory.

"Ah, yeah," says the princess. "Like there's rules an' rules. There aren't all that many rules in wrestling but you're careful where you hit. You wouldn't deliberately hit an opponent in the boobs. Like I said before, you'd just get it back. Besides, you'd get disqualified for dirty fighting and the biggest purse always goes to the winner."

Has an opponent ever hit her in the boobs? She shakes her head slowly and deliberately as if to suggest such a thing would be a terrible mistake for any opponent to make and is, therefore, unthinkable. And how would she react were the unthinkable to happen?

> *"They (male groupies) come up to you and say, 'I'd like to go to bed with you because you're a wrestler.' And you oughta see the letters!"*

"I'd kill 'em," she says. "I'd kill 'em." Then she takes a long pull on her cigarette and adds: "You don't hit a princess in the boobs."

The princess was born in Melbourne, one of five children. She says she was an outstanding athlete at school and was particularly strong in basketball and running. When she left school at 16 to get married, she went to work for a printer and five years later bought out the business, which she continues today, often slinging weights around to exercise during long print runs. She was divorced at 21, without having children. Her marriage, she says, was just another casualty of youth and immaturity.

Always a keen boxing fan, the princess got to know legendary Melbourne boxing coach Jack Rennie and used to hang around his gym in suburban Essendon. Indeed, she's maintained her interest in boxing and now judges and referees men's pro boxing matches as Pauline Steinmann. It was Rennie who suggested she take up pro wrestling because, quite simply, he thought she would be good at it. Though sceptical at first, she says, she found it a reason to keep fit and at the same time it turned out to be a fortuitous safety valve for all the pent-up frustrations that come with a failed marriage and the running of a small business.

She says she made up the name Princess Tara "because it sounded Amazony". While the princess does not appear to be an authority on the classic origins of the Amazonian myth, she does appear to like whatever she has heard.

"I loved the Amazon ladies," she explains. "I thought they were just... the absolute. Then I found out there was a house called Tara in *Gone With The Wind*, a holiday place in Queensland called Tara and a hill in Ireland called Tara where the old kings used to meet. But I still like it as an Amazon-sounding name. I loved the Amazonian women, they were a proud race. They were independent ladies."

Her first fight as Tara the Amazonian princess, she recalls, was eight years ago at a Brisbane race-track and she was bottom of the bill on a predominantly male drawcard. She fought Miss Olympus and lost. It took her a year before she won a fight, she says. Later she had a rematch with Miss Olympus and won. In the narrow world of women's wrestling it is not unusual to come up against the same opponent again and again, she says. This produces a kind of Amazonian sorority, although the princess insists she hasn't seen any lesbianism.

"I get called names," she says. "I've been called a dyke... mostly by men after I've refused to sleep with them."

And here the princess touches on one of the funniest facts in a woman wrestler's life: male groupies. They start as young as 16, she says, and they want to sleep with her because she's a wrestler.

"They're very subtle," she says, arching her eyebrows. "They come up to you and say, 'I'd like to go to bed with you because you're a wrestler.' And you ought to see the letters I get. Oh my God! One guy was very kinky on boots, he had certain ideas about what he wanted me to do to him with my boots. Another one wanted to know the sounds I make when I'm in the ring. How do I know? I'm busy. Another guy wanted to be my slave. If I wanted kinky sex there's more out there than I could handle. There's a lot of guys go to prostitutes and all they want to do is wrestle. The pros have to learn a few holds for their customers. I get a lot of letters from guys who want to wrestle with me. That's all they want to do. I suppose it gets 'em off. You wouldn't believe how kinky some guys are — but we find out. Some of them are just kids, too, 16-year-olds. Makes you wonder what they're going to be like at 25."

The princess has a friend called Colleen Kosenburger who is 26 and has been wrestling for two years under the heart-warming name of Lovable Colleen. She was encouraged to wrestle by her husband, who wrestles under the name of — I kid you not — Fred Burger. Fred Burger taught Colleen, his wife, the mother of their nine-

FEMMES FATALES

A "name" wrestler such as Princess Tara can expect to make around $400-$500 for one bout a night, although purses vary from promoter to promoter and state to state. The most a woman can make is about $1000 for a major fight. Men can make 50 percent more. Melbourne is the professional wrestling capital of Australia although the sport has maintained a small following in Adelaide and Brisbane. Promoters hope that the wrestling renaissance will see big promotions in Sydney with its potential for large crowds and mega bucks. A typical night of wrestling at Festival Hall, Melbourne, can attract up to 2000 fans at prices of $8 per adult and $5 per child. For that price, the audience will get five or six bouts.

Women wrestlers are usually at the bottom of the card. While the women may take the sport seriously, it seems the fans still don't.

"It's still a pretty sexist thing," says Peter Spillman, director of JOK Entertainment, which promotes, among other events, professional wrestling. "The fans watch the women wrestle because they like to see them throwing each other around and there's always the chance they might see a bit of boob."

Following wrestling's extended hibernation, Spillman hopes that the US comeback and the presence of new and exciting American visitors will encourage young Australian men and women to come into wrestling here.

"We're always a couple of years behind the States," he says. "They've had women's weightlifting and body-building over there for several years now and that's where most of the female wrestlers come from. There's a nucleus of women weightlifters and body-builders in gyms around Australia and as they get more body conscious and fitness conscious, the more likely they are to become interested in something challenging such as professional wrestling. It's up to us to encourage them."

As for the rules involved in professional wrestling, there are no rounds and there is no time limit for bouts. Wins are achieved by pinning an opponent to the canvas by the shoulders three times; by a submission; a knockout; or an opponent's disqualification by the referee for dirty fighting. What constitutes dirty fighting, however, often falls into a broad grey area between the referee's eyes and the wrestler's imagination.

year-old daughter, all she needs to know about wrestling. So far she has had about 60 professional fights. The first time out she fought in a tag team match with the princess on her side at Preston Town Hall.

"We won on a disqualification," she says. "The other girls had me caught in the ropes and another male wrestler came in and dropped Pauline on his knee."

Colleen works in a factory 12 hours a day, six days a week, stacking racks of Dorf taps for plating. She grosses about $400 a week and if she's lucky she can double that with a night of wrestling. Like the princess she trains three hours a night after work and has found wrestling to be an exotic outlet for the exigencies of working-class life. And like the princess, she says, she gets explicit sexual invitations from fans. Even though in her everyday life she sees herself as an average working housewife and mother leading a humdrum existence, the moment she slips on her leotard and boots and climbs into the ring she becomes a sexual turn-on and a fantasy figure for some men.

"It never entered my head that men would get something sexual out of watching women wrestle," she says with genuine innocence. "But I suppose they must. You should see their faces at work when they find out I'm a wrestler... the change... you can see the wheels turning. They must think women wrestlers are something different in bed, I suppose. They come up to you and say: 'Are you really a wrestler? I've never been to bed with a wrestler, how about it?' God knows what it is but there's something about women wrestlers that gets men excited. To us it's a sport, to them it's a turn-on."

The princess adds: "Some men get horny just watching a woman walk down the street. That's their problem. When I'm in the ring I'm not getting anything sexual out of it, I'm trying to win."

Strictly in the interests of accurate and responsible journalism, it must be said, and I'm sure the ladies would agree, neither of them is really centrefold material. Colleen is inclined to a certain chubbiness and the princess, who will admit to being 30, is built like a Russian tractor. That's not to say that she doesn't have a good figure. She does. She has a classic hourglass figure and breasts that adolescents dream about. But she has a strong, broad back and while her skin looks soft and feminine you only have to feel her arm and leg muscles to discover they're like polished teak.

Although she has had boyfriends in the past and she has her steady stream of kinky fan mail to dip into, should she so desire (and she says she doesn't), there is no man in her life at the moment. She says she doesn't believe that this is because she is too fearsome for most men to attempt to have a serious relationship with her.

"I have a feminine side," she says. "I *am* feminine. And I try to keep humble. I don't push who or what I am at guys. I know I'm as strong as and stronger than most guys I meet but I still like them to open the door for me. I like it when a guy sends me flowers. I like all the normal things. I really think I am a very down-to-earth, normal kind of person and like any woman I appreciate a bit of romance. As strong as I am I never put a guy down. I don't think I threaten guys, I know how sensitive the male ego is.

"But," she adds, "I'm a very independent person, too. I believe I'm the equal of any man and I believe there are no limits to what I can achieve if I put my mind to it. I'm a Gemini, a typical schizophrenic Gemini. How else do you explain all the things I do?

"A lot of people think wrestlers are strange in some way but even though I participate in the sport I don't think I *am* the sport. A lot of wrestling is shonky, I've been cheated and I dare say it could happen again, though I'll try to see it doesn't. And I've never thrown a fight. I think if an opponent wants to beat me she can damn well work for it.

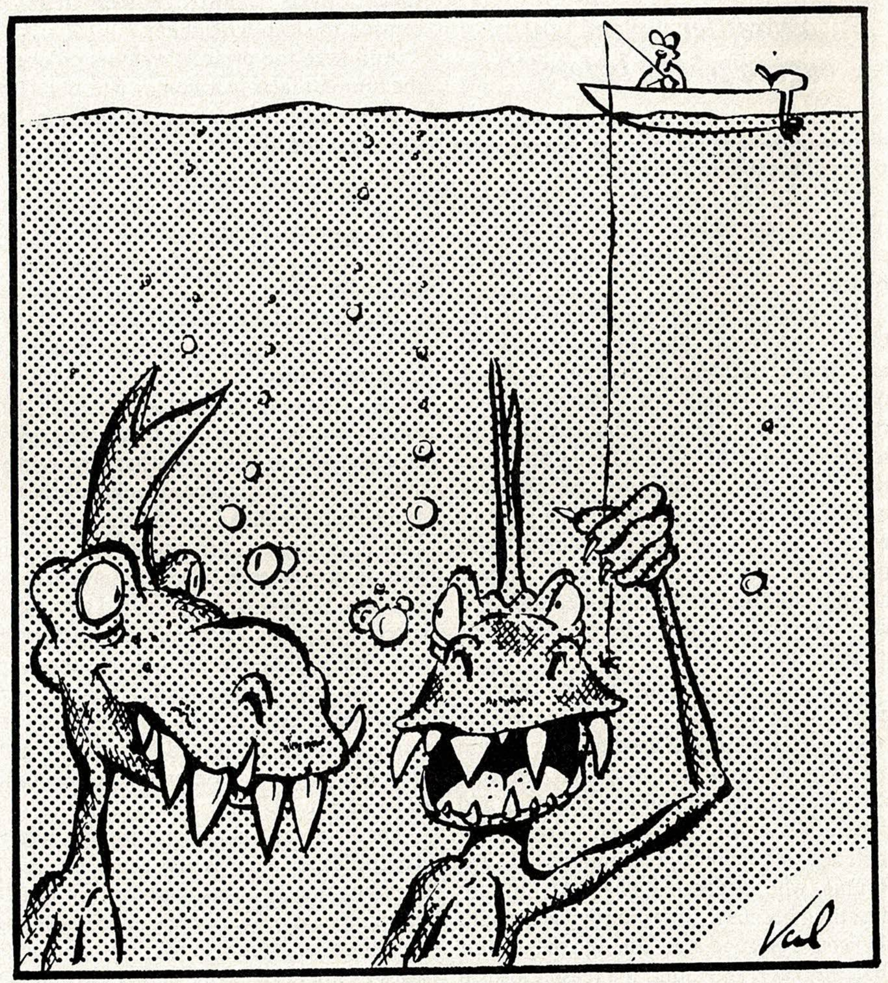
"I never cry in the ring, however badly I've been hurt. I wouldn't give an opponent the satisfaction but I can cry at other times. I'm a real softie when I'm outside the ring. Sometimes when you're fighting you wonder who is worse... you or the crowd. I remember one time in Tasmania, I had this opponent in an arm-lock and there was this lady in the audience, about 60 she was, and she shouted out: 'Rip her bloody arm off and hit her with the soggy end.' Compared to that I'm normal. When I meet a man I like him to treat me like a lady. I am a lady... a princess at that... you keep forgetting."

Then she talks about the time she lifted up the car.

"I was running late one night and I got a flat tyre," she says. "So I called the road service and this guy came out. God, he was a useless, fat thing. Anyway, I didn't have a car jack and he didn't have the right jack and he was bent down looking at the wheel like a big dope. So I said: 'Look, would it help if I lifted up the car?' And he didn't say anything, he just ignored me, maybe he thought I was kidding. So I said: 'Look, I'm going to lift the car up,' and he didn't even look at me, he just sort of grunted. Well, I got my hands under the front end and I lifted it up. It was a V8 Fairlane. I held it up and I said: 'Right, shove the bloody jack in,' and he did. He didn't say a word. Great stupid, fat, useless thing he was."

And then she catches herself and smiles a funny, almost coquettish kind of smile.

It's hard to be a princess. Especially when you have to get out and carry the royal V8.



"Whenever you find worms like this, pull the string until you get to the other end. . . there's always something good to eat!"

"Walters, there's no room in the air traffic control room for practical jokes."

HALL OF FAME

From Bardot to Monroe, Jagger's girl, Jerry Hall, gives it a whirl.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY ANNIE LEIBOVITZ

The Jane Russell pose above is Jerry's favorite: "I lost my virginity in a haystack," she says. Our opener was her homage to Brigitte Bardot; on the facing page she's a vibrant Vargas girl.

Did you ever see those pinup girls of the Forties and Fifties? Sweet but not too sweet. Risque but not too revealing to be displayed in barber shops and petrol stations. Jerry Hall certainly saw them. Before she became a world-famous fashion model and the "boss" in Mick Jagger's life, she was an ardent student of pinup photography. "I spent hours," she says, "looking at pinup calendars, advertisements for frilly knickers and those Vargas girls with their beautiful, feminine underwear and lovely soft aura." It just so happens that celebrity photographer Annie

"We started out to do a take-off on Marlene Dietrich," Jerry says of the photo above, "but it reminds me more of the PLAYBOY Femlin from the Party Jokes page!" At right she unwraps what Mick, lucky guy, gets for Christmas.

Leibovitz also loves the pinup and when she and Jerry worked together in Rio (where Leibovitz was documenting the making of videos for Jagger's new album), the two decided to collaborate on re-creating some of the classic pinup poses. "At first we were doing it for fun, as satire," says Leibovitz, "but Jerry became more serious about it. After shooting a dozen or so poses, we thought we'd see about getting them published." It was a ripper of an idea, as the sensational shots in our pictorial show.

Photographer Annie Leibovitz says Jerry "loves to be photographed, just like Marilyn Monroe, who had a lifelong romance with the camera."

ILLUSTRATION BY NIGEL BUCHANAN

IT'S JUST NOT CRICKET

It was bare-faced cheek that won the day for the boys from Cable Beach.

MANY PEOPLE BLAMED Twinkle for ruining cricket in Broome, although there was one faction which claimed that the competition had been improved out of sight. Everyone agreed however that if it hadn't been for him the whole thing wouldn't have happened. He had emerged

Fiction by **TONY CUNNEEN**

from the scrub south of town one day and announced that not only was he a self-taught Eastern mystic, but he was captain, coach, chief selector and opening bat of the Cable Beach Cricket Club. He'd heard of the Broome Amateur Cricketing Competition, and wanted to know if he could please join.

The shock was not just that this ageing hippy with all the hair and the funny name wanted to play cricket, but that Cable Beach had a club at all. After all, it was only 10 miles of sand-dunes, a haven for itinerant bush dwellers and scourge of the local dole office. But the Cricket Association needed new blood.

Previously, it had been ruled by one vast belly of a man: ex-captain Tommy "Tug" Thompson. He was undisputed leader of the undefeated champions — the Abattoirs' Invitation Eleven. It was rumored that some of their players were not, strictly speaking, amateurs, but nothing could be done about that, mainly because Tug, in addition to his club commitments, unselfishly contrived to be chairman of the association's disciplinary committee, the ground's trust, the umpires' association and the admissions board. Thus, every year for nine seasons, he gravely presented himself with the winner's trophy at the conclusion of the competition. One more championship and he'd keep it forever. By both occupation and personality, he was a butcher.

Despite his reservations about the class of person who lived in bush camps near town he allowed Cable Beach admittance to the association. For their first game he pitted them against the Pearling Fleet, last year's runners-up in the league.

Now pearling is a stressful business. Most men who indulged in it in Broome found it best to unwind by staggering around the floor of the pub most of Saturday afternoon. Then, in the evening, they lay doggo until closing time when they were poured out into the street. Thus their wives had been pressed into fulfilling their cricketing obligations. Tug had reeled for weeks from the shock of seeing women on the pitch. He relented, but only if they wore "the required standard of dress" — long white pants and shirts.

"At least they'll look like men," he growled.

But if the sight of the pearling women had left him fuming, then the appearance of the Cable Beach team made him erupt.

Shorts, sarongs, lap-laps, sulus and Twinkle dressed for battle wearing feathered head-dress, arm bands and a grass skirt: Cable Beach had broken its first rule.

"Proper attire must be worn at all times!" roared Tug in his best military voice, while Cable Beach bounced and wiggled around the pitch, showing to all the world that they didn't wear underclothing, either.

Whether it was the sight of the Cable ladies or the pace of their demon fast bowler, the Pearlers sank without trace. Crushed by 180 runs to 30, they slunk off to the pub while Tug pondered this new threat to his supremacy.

"There's a protest," he rumbled ominously. "Cable Beach are incorrectly dressed." He waddled over to Twinkle and poked a fat finger into his chest. "You'll have to appear before the disciplinary committee for not wearing whites."

Tug was wary of doing anything illegal to the people from the bush. He'd urged the last official pogrom against them. The police had swept through the camps and flushed out many things, including a brace of lawyers, of whom Twinkle was the leader. One of the ladies dragged out of the shacks turned out to be the daughter of a state cabinet minister. Those constables who were not transferred decided to let sleeping dogs alone out in the scrub and they advised Tug to do the same.

On the Tuesday following the game with the Pearlers, Cable Beach, represented by Twinkle, came before the association disciplinary committee. Tug presented a charge of "bringing the game into disrepute".

"You filthy scum ought to be locked up," Tug opened proceedings. "How do you plead?"

Twinkle rose to the occasion.

"Your Highness, let me outline the Cable Beach side of the matter. Legal advice has told us that. . . "

But Tug had had enough.

"Listen here, bearded. I'll pull your face off with that beard if you don't shut up. You're guilty as sin. All points from the match go to the Pearlers. There's no right of appeal. Case dismissed."

Twinkle rose to protest, so Tug moved to finish it off.

"I'll be blunt," he said needlessly. "The resolution, as ratified by the last full meeting of the rules committee, was that all players must conform to the dress standards of the host club and the local community. In other words wear whites or bugger off back to the bush. Meeting adjourned!"

With that as his parting shot, Tug steamed off to tend the bureaucratic obligation of amending the minutes of the last meeting of the rules committee to include that bit about dress standards and the local community.

Twinkle stood silent, then slowly he smiled. "So!" he chuckled. "The dress standards of the host club, says the meat eater. We'll see about that." And his eyes glittered gleefully all the way back to his shack in the sand-hills. His day would come eventually.

So Cable Beach conformed to the dress standards as required. Twinkle, resplendent in white pantaloons, pirate shirt

"What wine goes well with a married man?"

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and floppy hat, steered his crew to a succession of crushing victories.

The Bowling Club Invitation Eleven was sunk without trace; then each of the five pub teams were squashed. The army team managed a brief resistance until they realised that the female Cable Beach players wore nothing but their suntans beneath their loose-fitting shirts. Upon this rock their concentration foundered and they, too, fell easy prey to the lithe fast bowlers from the sand-hills.

By the end of the season Cable Beach had lost only one match — that first game against the Pearlers. They had amassed a staggering 1423 runs in their favor, with only 82 against. Through leading lives gloriously unimpaired by employment, the team did nothing but play endless games of cricket on the sand. They were leathered by the sun and made greyhound-lean by the exertion. Only one team lay in their path to the championship — that powerful organisation with the three imported professionals: the Abattoirs, who so far had been undefeated. One more victory was necessary before their hold on the trophy was made permanent. They had to beat the raggle-tailed bunch from the sand-hills — Cable Beach.

Up to this final game Tug had managed to sabotage any promising opposition which his ring-ins might not be able to conquer. All the pub teams had been donated a keg at lunchtime and then been easily bowled in the afternoon, either by the meatworkers' spin attack or the blazing sunshine. He'd even managed to "get" one of the umpires before the game against the Pearlers with a bit of free beef, while the awesome pace attack of the army team had been laid low by a load of bad stuff which gave them galloping dysentery and forced them off the field completely. Unfortunately for Tug, Cable Beach were all vegetarians.

"It's unnatural," he lamented. "Living on nuts and berries. Just like savages they are." And he hitched up his pants to cover his spreading belly. *So* depressed was he by this news, that for once he neglected to attend the weekly meeting of the grounds committee.

It was a fatal mistake, because on this crucial night Twinkle was there instead, and no one cared to oppose his quiet request that the final game of the round be played for the first time at the newly opened "Cable Beach Athletic Club", his home ground. Tug was furious, but most of Broome were more intrigued by what might be going on down at the end of the beach. Thus many of them turned out the following Saturday and drove in convoy south along the hard-packed sand near their town. Leading the procession were the steely eyed men from the abattoirs.

After a few miles they came to a low ridge. A narrow track wound up through the scrub and over the rim of a natural amphitheatre in the sand-hills. A large sign made from driftwood and batik proudly proclaimed: Welcome to the Cable Beach Athletic Complex.

And there was Cable Beach's cricket ground: a flat bed of sand scoured clean by the tide and bounded on three sides by the dunes. The pitch was already marked out. The stumps stood waiting.

But it was not these preparations which made the visitors stop dead in their tracks, nor was it the various palm shelters which had been erected and carefully labelled: North Pavilion (Visitors), South Pavilion (Home Team), and Far Pavilion, which was the dunny.

No! The thing which really knocked Tug and the meatworkers around was the disturbingly obvious fact that the entire assemblage, players and spectators, were stark, staring naked.

Twinkle, unashamedly wearing nothing but his beard, stepped forward.

"Whenever you're ready," he smirked.

Tug's responding eruption was lost in the noisy arrival of the contingent from town. When everyone was there, Twinkle's voice boomed forth from one end of the beach to the other.

"I remind the visiting team of the strict rule regarding players' dress, as ratified by the last full meeting of the rules committee: all players must conform to the dress

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standards of the host club and the local community. I'm sure it's recorded in the minutes. Well as you can see, Cable Beach is a nudist colony. The meatworkers must play naked, so as not to offend local sensibilities."

Tug exploded once again. He raged. He howled. He screamed.

"Am I to take it you are forfeiting the match?" enquired Twinkle innocently, then ducked to avoid the responding barrage.

There was nothing Tug could do, especially after Twinkle announced that visiting spectators and officials were exempt from disrobing, unless they wished to. Public opinion was overwhelmingly in favor of Tug and the lads from the meatworks taking to the field wearing nought but pads, gloves and caps. Even cricketer's boxes, a batsman's last line of defence, were banned as not being in keeping with the spirit of the occasion. Besides, without pants, there was nothing to hold them in place.

Thus the teams lined up for the toss: Cable Beach, lean, proud and tanned from head to foot, and the less conspicuous but more portly gentlemen from the abattoirs, all of whom displayed flabby areas of milk-white flesh. The coin was spun and the Cablers went in to bat.

Twinkle opened for his team and made clear his stratagem with the first ball. He blocked it. He stonewalled. He did nothing at the crease. After two hours he had scored only 10 runs, his partner only 15. By lunchtime the damage was done; the visitors were already defeated, not by the paltry few runs scored against them, but by the sun. When Cable Beach finally declared, there was not a man who was not burnt beyond repair. Their private parts had suffered terrible damage. Not one of them could bring himself to face the blackened steaks which were their usual lunchtime fare; all of them feared the afternoon session. They would have to bat, facing the twin terrors of the sun and the Cable Beach fast bowlers completely unprotected.

Thus each batsman after lunch did his utmost to commit cricketing suicide as soon as he arrived at the crease. They lifted their bats high and allowed the ball to pass unmolested on to their stumps. They spooned gratifying catches to waiting fielders. One young man, worried about his future after he had been unable to successfully do either of these things in the first over bowled against him, took no chances with the next one. He grabbed hold of the first delivery sent down to him again, and hurled it on to his own stumps. He made cricketing history by being the first person to be caught and bowled by himself.

Only Tug stayed at the crease for any length of time. Not that this was through choice. Rather, no matter how hard he tried, he couldn't get himself out. Normally accurate bowlers sent down wide after wide and the normally safe hands of the wicketkeeper spilled every catch. Only after he was thoroughly basted did Twinkle allow him the luxury of an honorable dismissal. With Tug's demise, the Abattoirs were finished. Cable Beach had won the match and the competition.

The victory party afterwards went some way towards soothing the ill-feeling, if not the sunburn, of the visitors, although a group calling themselves the Cable Beach Ladies Auxiliary did offer to rub oil into any suffering members.

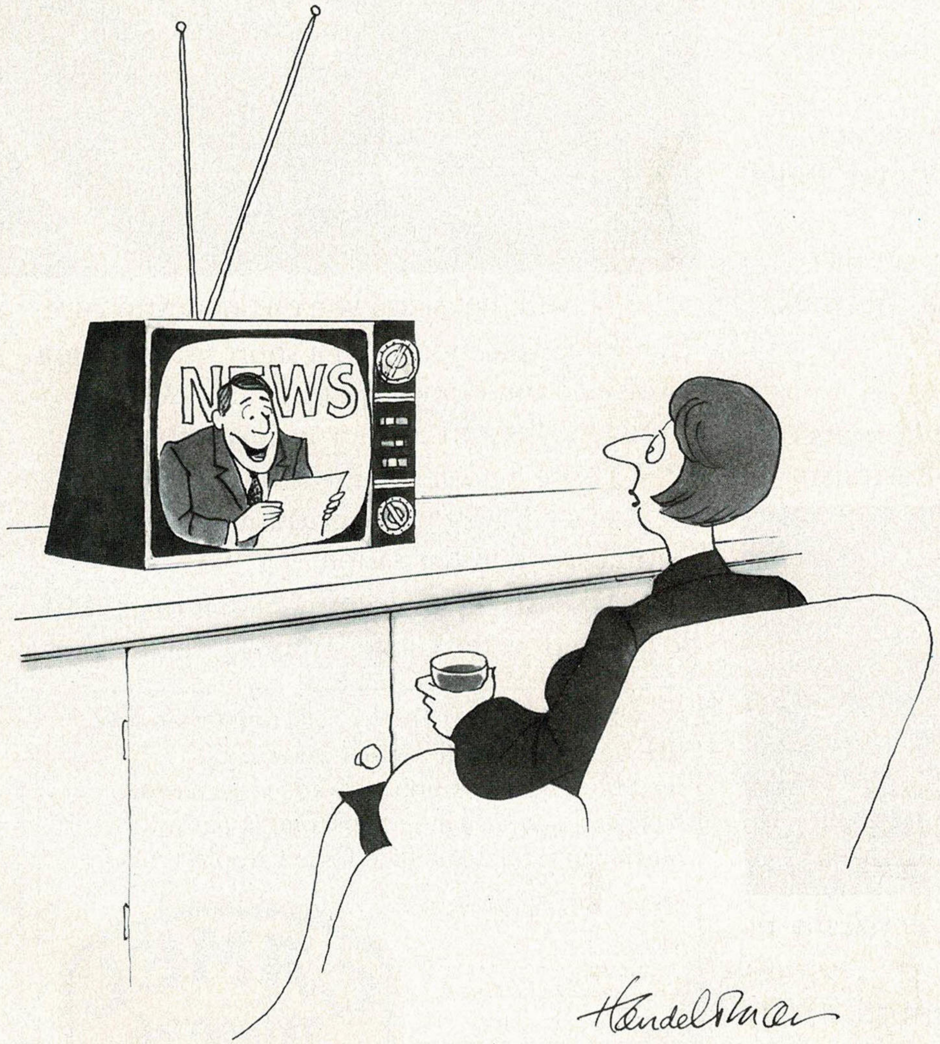
When the celebrations were at their fiercest, the mayor, by now quite naked himself, presented the Broome Memorial Trophy to a beaming Twinkle. He used his acceptance speech, during which he thanked the mayor, the visitors, the home crowd and his avatar, to announce the formation of a new cricketing association in Broome.

"Henceforth, this will be the world's only town possessing its own nude cricket competition to be held annually for the Meher Baba Memorial Trophy." He was about to outline some of the rules when an anguished bellow from Tug cut him off. Enraged by all that had happened, he flung himself at his enemy.

But it was too late. A large part of the crowd thought Twinkle's suggestion was a jolly good one. The climate was perfect for it, once the problem of sunburn was overcome.

Tug stormed off into the night, taking the few outraged cricketing diehards with him. Angry beyond words, they gunned their cars up the bush track, down the sand-hills and straight into the water, because by now the tide had come in.

In this way the Cable Beach Nude Cricket Club was born, although its members claimed it to have more in common with the Bhagavad-Gita than it did with Wisden's Almanac. The Abattoirs rose like a phoenix from the ashes of their fiery defeat and won their competition the following year. But the life had gone from their contest. Rather, every Saturday, streams of cars carried people out along the sands of Cable Beach, there to frolic nude with bat and ball, their bodies glistening with suntan oil, and their children munching carrot cakes sold by Twinkle's Wholefood Bazaar, which had the concession for that end of the beach. Cricket in Broome was never the same again.



"This is ghastly! Give me a moment to wipe the smile off my face."

LADY OF LETTERS

No matter how hot the competition, lovely Judy Geisler's first past the post.

Judy's job with a small, country post office may not sound like the sort of stuff that dreams are made of, but this vivacious 22-year-old is more than content with her quiet existence.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY JURGEN DOMMNICH

I like the simple things of life best," smiles Judy. "When I was a little girl, my parents used to take me nude bathing and I have a special love of nature and unadorned things. I'd love to travel — South America has a special, raw appeal — but there's no hurry. I may take off in a year or two but for the moment I'm happy with my friends, my family and my job."

As for men in her life, Judy admits there is no one special but there are several customers who come in four or five times a day to the post office just to see her. "They pretend they are calling for urgent mail but we only have deliveries once a day and I know why they keep coming in!" Who could blame them? This is one lady of letters who certainly has our stamp of approval.

IRON MAN

(continued from page 52)

In order to see even part of his dream realised, Hancock has had to jump into bed with the Romanians.

launched into the light relief, in the form of a black and white segment from the old Dave Allen *Tonight Show* series, in which the Irish comedian attempted (and failed) the serious interview.

"Where do you think Australia is heading?" asked Allen, carefully blowing smoke rings from his inevitable cigarette into Hancock's seersucker jacket.

Lang Hancock poses with the Lear jet he owns but no longer flies.

"Down the drain . . . and quickly," replied Hancock.

Eventually the lights were turned on and the screen and projector disassembled. As I had mentioned the devastation of Hiroshima, Hancock was explaining to me the virtues of the hydrogen bomb — a "clean bomb", as he put it — when suddenly he broke off the conversation and declared the evening over. Tomorrow would be a long day, he said, and we would all need our rest.

●

The spartan dining room of the Hotel Fortescue is a peculiar place. It operates with military precision four mornings a week when the maximum number of guests requiring breakfast can be counted on one hand. On the other three mornings, when the tourist buses roll through, it is mayhem. Nevertheless our large party was seated and fed in the country style in a shade over 20 minutes, possibly due to the presence of the hotel's owner, a large, rumpled man sporting the same brocade shirt over drill work trousers.

Although we still had coffee and eggs on the go, when Hancock and Rose called the troops to order we fell in behind. The tourists murmured and pointed as the old man shuffled out into the clear morning.

We formed a three-car convoy with Hancock in the lead at the wheel of his white Range Rover. Ken McCamey followed and we brought up the rear in a Toyota flatbed driven by Umberto Favero, a burly Italian who came to Australia to work in the asbestos mines and stayed to become Hancock's "trustie" in the Pilbara. A driver of considerable experience in the radical gorge country, Favero nevertheless had to put his foot to the floor and concentrate to keep up with his septuagenarian boss as we hurtled along the dirt.

Half an hour out of town we turned off the road and seemed to drive across uncharted territory. There was little indication of an established track and the terrain became increasingly rough and overgrown. At the foot of a steep incline the convoy stopped so that Sebastian, the young Filipino boy in our party, could train his video camera on the old man negotiating the climb. At this point Favero discovered our truck had done in two fan belts so he limped back to town while we proceeded up the rise in two vehicles, stopping at every turn so that Sebastian could record for posterity the rather remarkable sight of an ancient millionaire road-testing a four-wheel-drive vehicle over terrain that would test the best rally river.

From the concern written on Ken McCamey's face, it was evident that he was using the camera stops to check that Hancock hadn't pushed the limits too far.

Hancock caught his breath on top of the mountain while we surveyed the view, stretching to the west past Mount Bruce and east toward the Great Sandy Desert. Within five minutes, however, he was out of the cabin, and hobbling around in the spinifex, picking at chunks of ore and describing his dream to all who would listen.

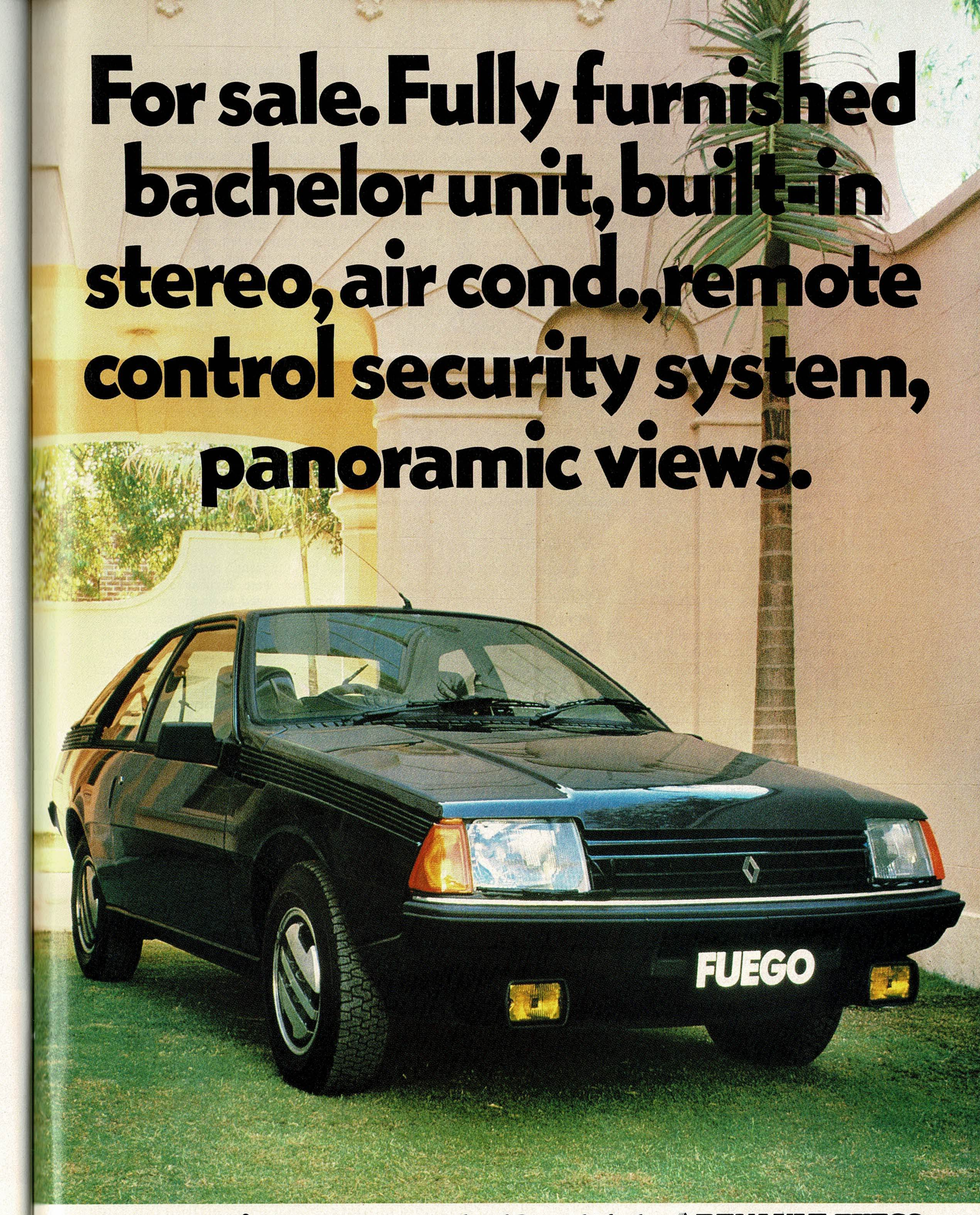
"Down there is where the great downhill railway starts," he said, describing a giant arc in the air. "If (Sir Charles) Court hadn't said no to (D.K.) Ludwig's money we would have seen it built 15 years ago. This is always the way, the entrepreneur against the bureaucrat. An electric train using gravity to take the ore to port, and minimum power to tote it back for reloading. And the port facility at Cape Ronsard! The biggest and deepest in the world, capable of taking ore carriers 26 times the size of the *Queen Mary*. Can you imagine what this will do for the Australian economy?"

No one can, and no one will have to bother unduly about it because that is all the fabric of the Hancock dream, one which is simply too gigantic in scope and too simplistic in concept to ever come to fruition, at least not in all its glory. But what now looks remotely possible is that Hancock's efforts will realise, before he dies, the beginnings of a new style of development in the Pilbara — one which further expands our trade relations behind the Iron Curtain while placing Australia in the forefront of mineral suppliers to the world market.

The irony is that in order to see even part of his dream realised, Hancock has had to jump into bed with the communist government of Romania. As he has always been a man for whom "better dead than red" would not be an inappropriate epitaph, this is an unholy alliance indeed.

Hancock's audacity in securing, virtually single-handed, an ore export contract which in theory opens up a new market as big as Japan, is not totally surprising when seen in the context of his bizarre business career. The economists and the industry cynics have sneered at his description of the Romanian contract as a "billion-dollar barter deal which could turn the Pilbara into the Ruhr of South-East Asia", but they have sneered at Hancock many times before.

Having made himself a moderately wealthy man through asbestos and other mining interests, Hancock was considered foolish when he sold the Wittenoom asbestos mine to an offshoot of the Colonial Sugar Refinery during World War Two. But the mine soon went broke while Hancock took to prospecting from the air. In November 1952 he made his now legendary iron ore find in the Hamersleys, while flying low through a gorge to avoid cloud cover. He believed the stuff to be uselessly low grade, but at the time the science of metallurgy was progressing in leaps and bounds and Hancock felt that there was so much of it, it could possibly be blended with better ore.



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He located the reef again after days of ground-searching and had samples assayed, discovering that the ore was of an equally high grade as that being used by the United States Steel Corporation. Hancock sensed immediately that he had found his fortune, but it was not as easy as staking a claim. He had to keep his find secret and carefully lobby the backrooms of both state and federal parliaments until 1960, when the Menzies government lifted restrictions on iron ore export. A few months later the West Australian government announced that it would grant permits for the exploration and development of iron ore deposits. Hancock staked his claim within hours.

But finding the ore and getting permission to mine it proved to be the easy part. Hancock then spent a further two years trying to attract investment, both within Australia and from overseas. After countless knockbacks he finally persuaded the British Riotinto group to come in by offering them a saver on the deal — Hancock and Peter Wright would take no equity and no salary, just a share of the profits.

That share of the profits, ridiculed at the time, has since become the thorn in the side of CRA's balance sheet and the financial foundation of Hancock's development Disneyland.

As his wealth increased dramatically in the mining boom of the late 1960s, what began in Hancock's mind as a simple lust for a mine he could call his own turned into the great Ruhr dream. He began to campaign vigorously for foreign investment in the north-west, flying Daniel K. Ludwig, then the world's richest man, over his deposits in order to convince him this was where the mineral future lay. In the end a Hancock-Ludwig development proposal was rejected by then WA Resources Minister Sir Charles Court, beginning a bitter feud between politician and prospector, and sending Ludwig off to Brazil with his bags of spare cash.

But Hancock pressed on, turning his attention to tax reform — by which he meant its abolition — and the embracing of nuclear energy in all its forms. Not only was he in favor of Australia possessing the "nuclear deterrent", he advocated the use of hydrogen bombs in underground mining and to this end he brought the father of the bomb, Dr. Edward Teller, to Australia to address the various houses of parliament. As it turned out, Joh Bjelke-Petersen was the only premier who would give Teller the floor, a possible factor in Hancock's subsequent nomination of Joh as "the most courageous and intelligent of all Australian politicians".

In the '70s, Hancock the prospector became Hancock the court jester of the radical right, but behind the scenes the hunt for mineral wealth continued, not because Hancock needed the money but because he believed then, as he does now, that in its discovery and sale lies Australia's economic security for generations to come.

Working in tandem with Ken McCamey, Hancock combed the vast Pilbara from the air and on the ground, locating almost 50 huge iron ore deposits. The biggest of these, McCamey's Monster, is possibly the largest iron ore deposit in the world. But it is another dual discovery, at Marandoo, which is potentially the most lucrative, and which forms the basis of the controversial Romanian barter deal.

As I wandered around in Marandoo's test open-cut and crumbled the incredibly light marra mamba ore in my hands, I found it difficult to believe that there were some 480 million tonnes of the stuff in this seam alone. I found it almost impossible to believe that shiploads transported via canal into the Danube River might change the economic outlook of Eastern Europe within a decade.

But just two months before, Hancock, WA Premier Brian Burke and co-financiers CRA had embarked on a deal with Romania which could do just that. The deal, set up by Hancock and marketed by him to the other parties, involves the annual exportation of five million tonnes of ore through the Black Sea Canal in exchange for the same value in Romanian heavy machinery. The Romanians start supplying the machinery three years in advance of their first shipment so that Hancock can use it to build his Marandoo mine. CRA, for their part, take another five million tonnes annually and split the establishment costs with Hancock.

> *Hancock is as close to his dream as he has ever been, and it would be a person mean of spirit who could not allow an old man joy in that.*

Of course this description of the deal is simplistic in the extreme and does not take into account such major hurdles as labor resistance to the importation of ready-made machinery, and the likely clogging of existing port facilities before new ones can be built, but the fact remains that Hancock is as close to his dream as he has ever been, and it would be a person mean of spirit who could not allow an old man some joy in that.

●

Back at The Settlement an hour before dark, I waited outside the biggest of the buildings for Hancock to arrive. In time he drove up in a battered red Jag and signalled for me to hop in the back as the front passenger door was jammed. We drove at a sedate rate for some 200 metres before pulling up outside a building which could have passed for a council lavatory block. Inside however, it was sparse and spotless despite signs of infrequent use.

The indoors office of an outdoors man is often a curious place, and Hancock's was no exception. The walls were decorated with fading maps, photos of light planes and jokey "honorary certificates". Noting that I was taking special interest in the wall-hangings, Hancock felt compelled to assure me that he was not, in fact, a "Dallas Honorary US Marshall", although he had indeed been in that city at the time of JFK's assassination and had thus observed the best and the worst of American society in the space of a few days.

We sat at the old man's large, empty desk and stared at each other across the laminex. I told him that as a youth my father had frequently played doubles tennis with Dick Hancock, a relative with a gammy leg. This was my way of softening him up for the personal interview, and it seemed to work because Hancock arched an eyebrow, then hobbled to the kitchen to get a light beer for me and a Fanta for himself.

But once we got down to business the rhetoric reappeared. Having thoroughly researched the man, I found that many of the phrases were familiar and I was frequently tempted to complete the sentences. Furthermore, here at headquarters he had documentary back-up, which he pulled constantly from an ancient briefcase in the form of pamphlets (many of them self-penned), maps and diagrams. He produced a somewhat dusty scale model of the Teller hydrogen-mining plan for Marandoo. He produced evidence for the prosecution of every opinion, but when we got down to discussing the sadnesses of his life he banged his fist on the laminex and spoke like any other proud, family-loving old man.

He would not discuss, he said, his own private life nor those of his child and grandchildren. It was neither safe nor wise to do so.

As far as Hancock was concerned, the matter ended there. But if the Romanian deal proceeds with Hancock as a major shareholder, there will be all the more interest in the heirs to his estate as he approaches his ninth decade. Daughter Gina, a sharp business brain who was once her father's constant shadow, shocked Hancock by marrying (for the second time) a lawyer twice her age and moving permanently to the United States. She claims to have no further interest in mining, and while Hancock speaks fondly of his two grandchildren as eventual heirs to the empire, they are much too young for their future to be determined.

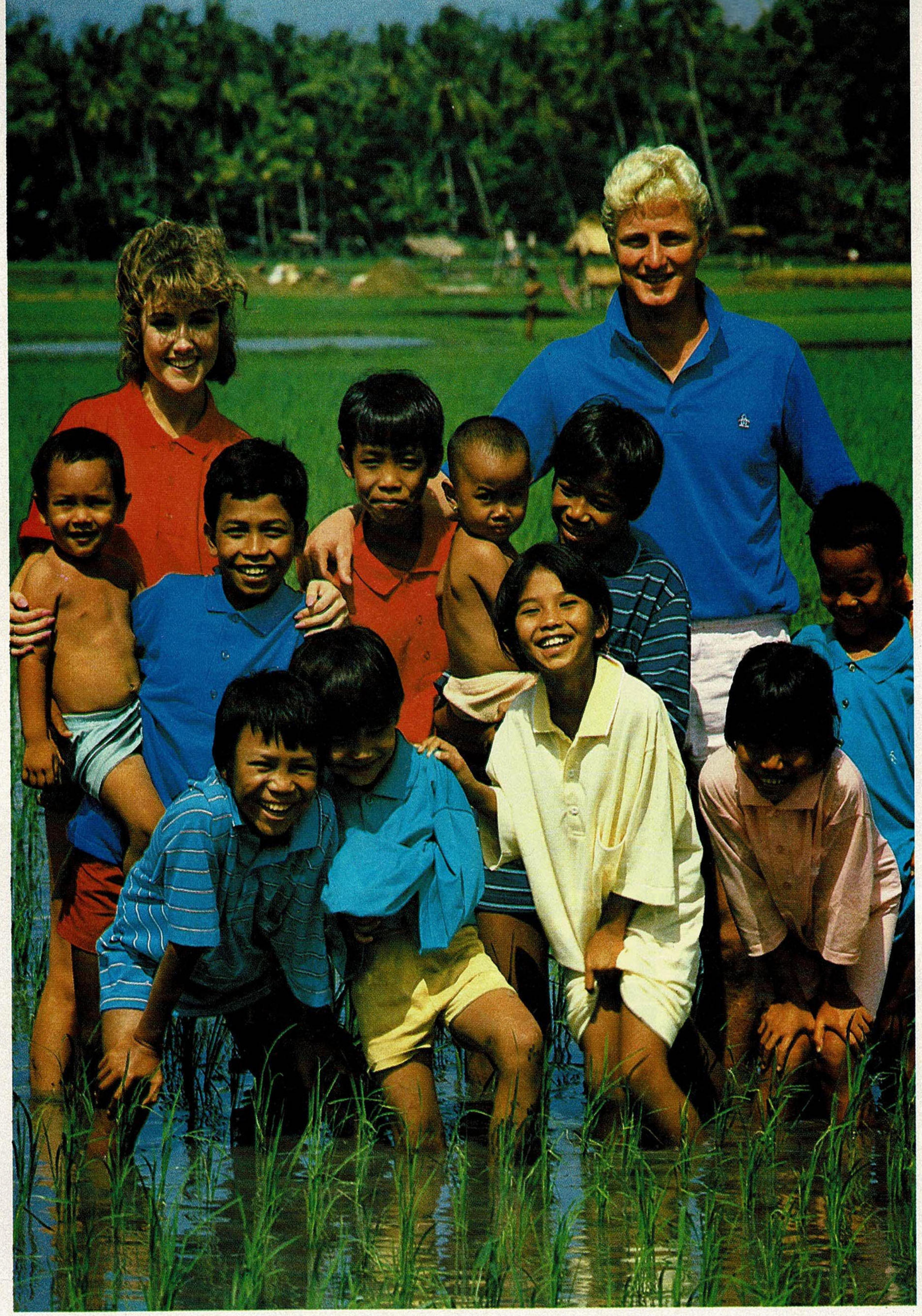
Clearly, nothing will deter Hancock from applying the finishing coat to the dream of a lifetime.

WINNING STYLE

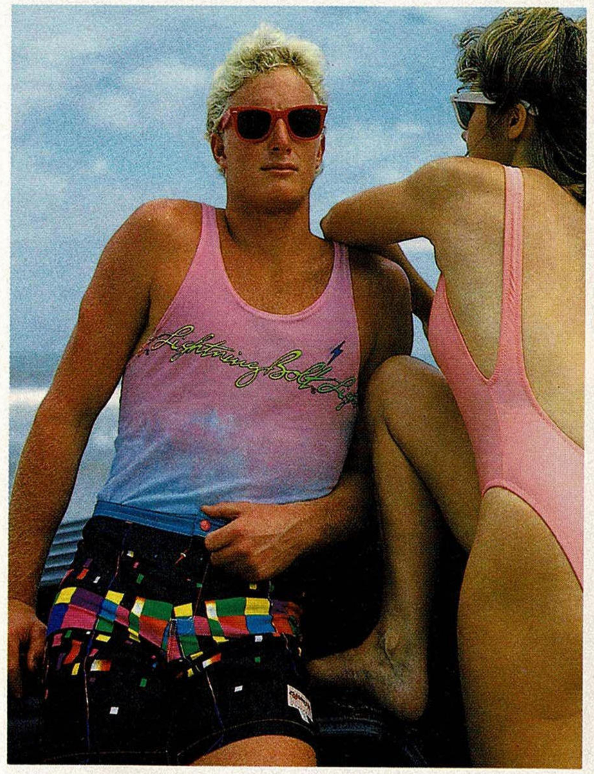
Craig Riddington: Iron will, ironman, super athlete, Australian Marathon Swimming Champion 1984/5, member of the Australian Surf Team 1984, NSW Ironman Champion 1985, and finalist in Coolangatta Gold and Australian Ironman 1983.

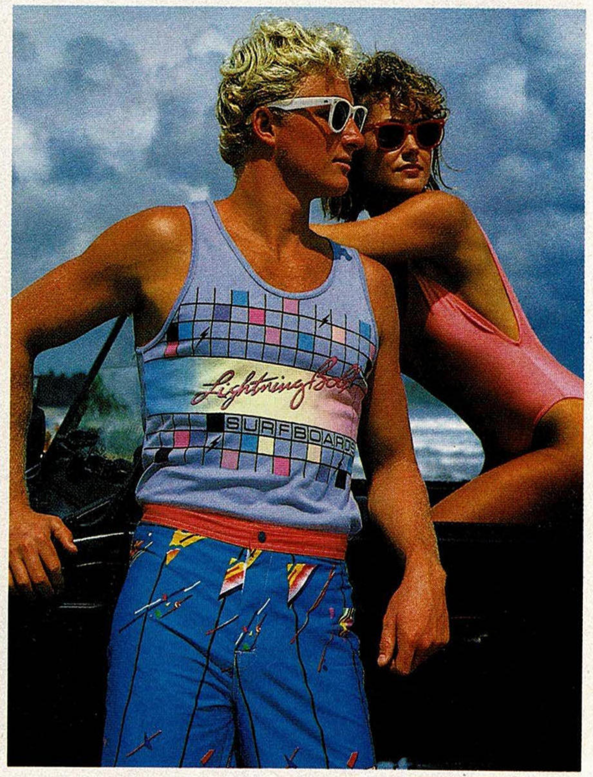
Craig usually gets up at dawn every morning so he's not a regular sight at his local disco. But he does occasionally peel off his tracksuit for a night of bop-until-you-drop action.

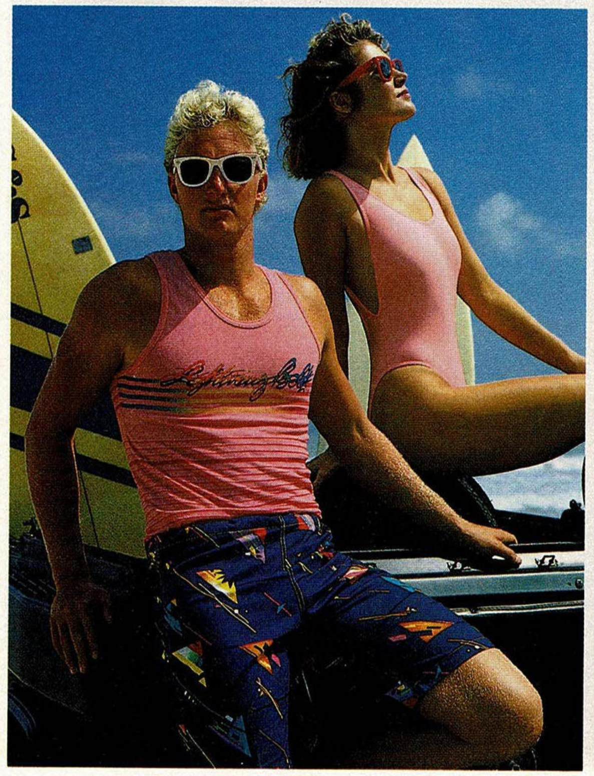
Craig believes that comfort is the first and foremost consideration when buying clothes. Here he is wearing loose-fitting trousers with a baggy shirt and unstructured jacket, all from Members Only by Suave. He also maintains that good-quality sunglasses are an essential part of any man's wardrobe. He is pictured in black Wayfarers by Ray Ban.

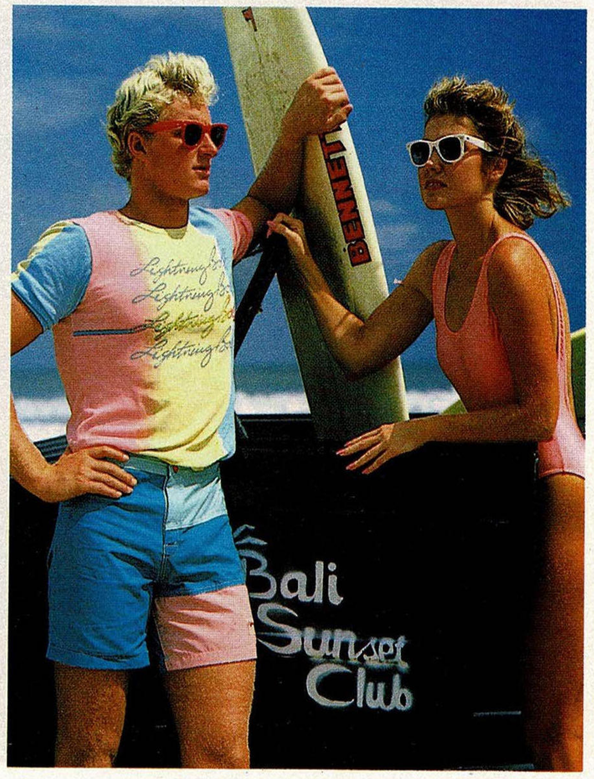


Craig and friend were a smash hit with the Balinese children, she for her sweet disposition and easy smile and Craig for his stamina and superhero build. It proved an easy task to get everyone into Bonds' latest range of Grand Slam shirts. But being a hit with the local kids was the simple part. Long periods in the sun, wind and surf can really damage your skin, so Craig took advantage of the new skin care range from Partage and splashed on plenty of fresh Partage aftershave.



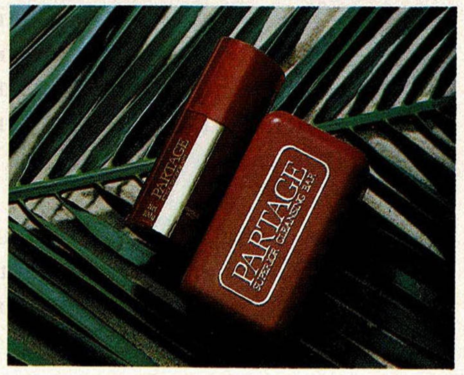






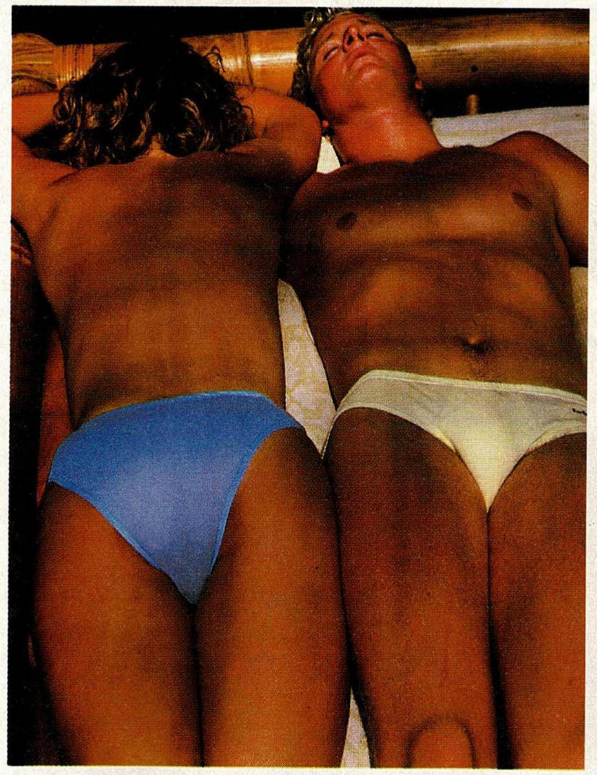
You don't get to be an ironman by sitting around all day. In Bali, Craig swam more laps of the hotel pool than the locals would have thought possible. He also ran an easy 10 kays each morning, did a few hundred sit-ups and press-ups and generally exhausted anyone who was watching.

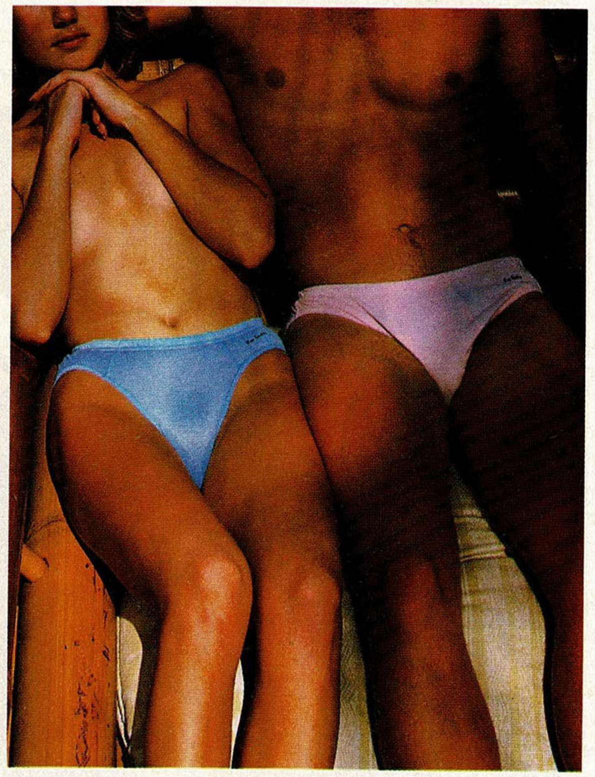
When Craig did relax, he opted for casual and comfortable clothing from the new geometric range by Lightning Bolt and protective Ray Ban sunglasses.

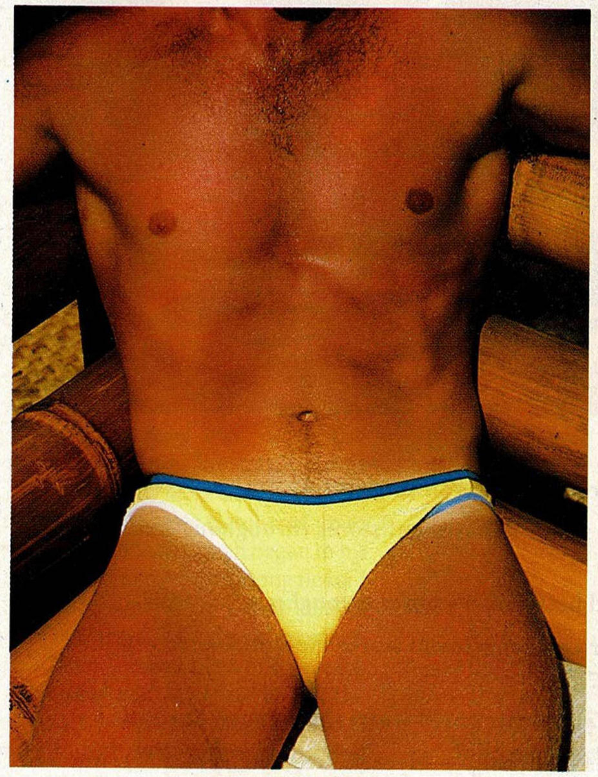


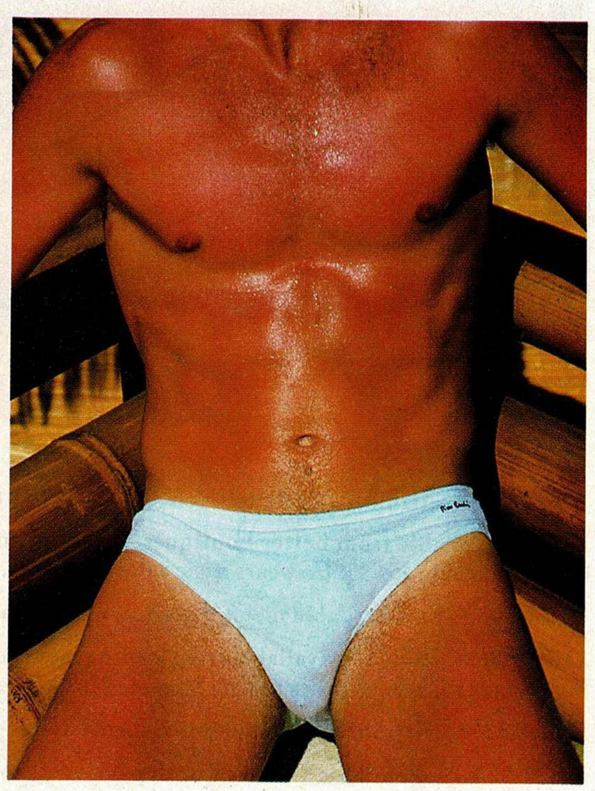
Craig puts more work into his daily training schedule than the average guy would do in a year. Between five and seven each morning, Craig swims a few kays and then from nine to 10 he clocks up more kays on his malibu board followed by an hour of weights in the gym. After lunch he takes a leisurely run for 10 kays then paddles his surfski for another 10. That's the daily regime. If Craig is preparing for a particular event he gets into "serious" training!

But in leisurely, laid-back Bali, ironman Craig just had to ease up a little, so to finish his run he jumped aboard a bemo giving us a flash of his Lee Jeans. She wears slinky snakeskin, also by Lee.









It takes pure solid food to build an ironman. Two or three plates of pasta to provide carbohydrate, a couple of steaks full of protein, and a few pints of fresh mango juice to see an ironman through lunch and into early afternoon. Then it's time for sandwiches and cakes to keep him going until dinner. It all gets burnt up in the training, you see, and here are Craig and friend working out in Pierre Cardin underpants by Holeproof.

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PHOTOGRAPHED BY DAMIEN McGRATH AT SUNSET CLUB, BALI.

RAW PRAWN

(continued from page 50)

The Bongaree had rolled to a 45 degree angle, hovering precariously there for what seemed like hours. . .

no time to believe it or not. Then the sound mariners fear most, the rush of water, brought him back to his senses. He fought desperately to untangle himself from the bunk which by now was being bombarded by flying crockery and pieces of timber.

The *Bongaree* had rolled to a 45 degree angle, hovering precariously there for what seemed like hours but was really only a few seconds, before slipping slowly back to the horizontal. As it did so, Murray could see a crack of light in the fo'c's'le opening. He fought his way toward it through the shambles that only minutes earlier had been a reasonably ordered below-deck cabin. A full-sized stove, which had been ripped from its restraining brackets at the moment of collision, lay across his escape to safety. He clawed his way over it, at the same time feeling the cold rush of sea water swirling around his waist. As he emerged into the sunlight, he called to check that his deckhand was okay.

Suddenly he was aware the horrible fracas had ceased almost as quickly as it had begun, and in its place was the familiar sound of the squawking seagulls that had had the good sense to abandon *Bongaree*'s mast and booms before their peace was shattered.

For all his initial anger and shock following the collision, Murray also remembers some amusing incidents in its immediate aftermath.

"The Russian ship ripped the side out of *Bongaree* and Barry and I just managed to release the foam sorting tray which also serves as an emergency life raft," Koina recalls. "As our boat went down, only 90 seconds after the crash, we clambered on to the tray. Then the shock of it all began to hit us. You wouldn't believe it but along floated a packet of Minties which I was able to grasp out of the water. Talk about 'moments like these'! Then I remember while we were on the pilot boat which picked us up, the Russians had by then turned around and put down a small boat and began collecting some of our stuff which had floated to the surface. It included six rubber thongs and there was not one bloody matching pair among them."

Like a highway accident, a preliminary discussion between trawler and container-ship captains commenced on the high seas at the scene of the collision. Murray admits freely the tone of the exchange was far from courteous with him and Captain Kitaytrev trading accusations, insults and expletives.

Finally, the *Konstantin Paustovskiy* steamed on to its next port of call, the Filipino capital, Manila, while Koina and Prange returned to shore on the pilot boat sent to rescue them. Meanwhile, their loved ones waited anxiously on the wharf at Mooloolaba.

Safely back on shore but still in a state of shock, Koina tried to put together the pieces of the day. Little did he realise that his next two and a half years would be spent as a modern-day David taking on the prestige of the Russian merchant navy. All he sought was a simple restitution and apology from the Soviet Goliath, though events since the accident have left him with a complete loss of faith in the various levels of Australian government bureaucracy with which he dealt during his fight for personal justice.

"As far as I am concerned, the Russians are a mob of bastards and unmitigated liars, while the Australian officials, well they just leave me wondering whose side they were on," Koina said after his ordeal. "Pity help any Australian who requires their assistance overseas, based on their indifferent attitude and lack of support after this incident which happened in Australian waters."

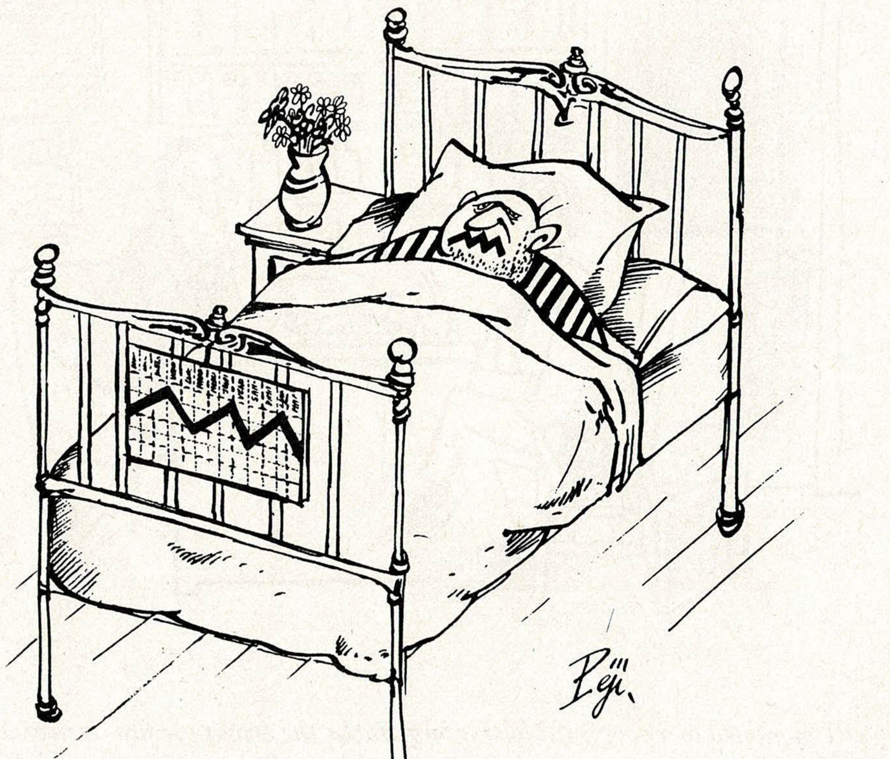
His disgust with Australian officialdom comes from being denied a copy of the Commonwealth Department of Transport's report of its investigation of the collision between his trawler and the *Konstantin Paustovskiy*. He finally managed to sight a copy of the report on a minor official's desk when he was in Brisbane years after the incident trying to explain why he had not renewed his boat's marine survey certificate, which automatically became null and void with the disappearance of *Bongaree* below the water line.

But the thing that still upsets Murray more than anything else that has happened since his near-tragic day in 1982 is the receipt of very strong signals through government officials and some of his advisers that the Australian government preferred that he cease his actions for damages against the USSR and be content to use the comprehensive boat insurance money he had received to buy another vessel and quietly go fishing.

"Those sinister overtones and off-handed treatment by the Australian authorities really pissed me off," Koina says. "I knew I was in the right. Call it principle if you want to, I mean, I have heard that term being used by various people in the past to justify their stand on a certain point or situation and probably thought at the time, so what? Yet, when I was sitting on that cooler lid watching that great Russian monster steam on, I knew I would do all I could to make them acknowledge they were in the wrong.

"I admit I didn't realise then that I would be forced to fight them all the way with little bloody help from those bastards I have paid my taxes to over the years. Shit, all it really came down to was that they were the overtaking vessel which is covered by Rule 13 of the Shipping Collision Regulations. They obviously didn't see my boat and as a result nearly ran right over the top of us."

Koina stresses he had good reason to be adamant that the Russians obviously did not see his craft and take action to avoid the



collision. "It is on record that the first description the Russian captain radioed to the Caloundra Wireless Station was that his ship had collided with a yacht. Some bloody captain he is if he can't tell the difference between a prawn trawler and a yacht! They didn't have a clue that we were in the same piece of ocean," Koina claims. "Yet, they were steaming at 18 knots and we were managing only eight knots on a set course controlled by our autopilot.

"Those bloody Russians can try and blame me as much as they like by suggesting that we altered course. But the fact remains that they were the overtaking vessel and as such were responsible. The *Konstantin Paustovskiy* was loaded to the shithouse with containers. The bridge is set way back at the stern, so it is small wonder that they didn't see me. They bloody should have, though."

As further proof of this, Koina points out that there had been no warning before the container ship had hit his trawler. "Barry was looking straight ahead and I was below. There was no noise, no hooter, nothing. Then this almighty crash. Barry copped a few bruises and a couple of cuts on his legs, but I got out of it without even a scratch. We were lucky, another two feet to one side and we'd have been killed stone bangers. The boat went pretty quickly to the bottom."

The Department of Transport opened its preliminary investigation (under section 377A of the Navigation Act) within a week of the collision. Koina and his deckhand were questioned on November 4, 1982, but the captain of the Russian ship didn't give his official account of the accident until February 23, 1983.

In the meantime, Koina received his payout for *Bongaree* from his insurance company. It was about that time that the strong suggestions and overtones came from Australian officials that he should be happy with his lot and to cease his claim for damages against the Russians. But Koina had put in enough hard yakka not to be put off by a bureaucracy running scared.

Finally, in January 1985, a date was set for a Supreme Court hearing into his claim for damages. Like most court actions, Koina's case involved many costly moves and countermoves.

"Michael Edgley would have been proud of them," he laughs. "Their troupe was like a mini Moscow State Circus. The court directed that both parties try to work out a settlement so a meeting was arranged between the two opposing sides. The Russian shebang consisted of a fully fledged judge acting as an adviser, two or three lawyers, two specialists in maritime law and a sea captain, but, interestingly, not the sea captain who was in charge of the *Konstantin Paustovskiy* when it collided with us.

"I had my solicitor, and in the run-up to the court hearing collected a few people from my insurance company intent on getting its payout to me reimbursed through my actions against the USSR. We originally claimed $300,000, which was based on a variety of factors worked out by an accountant, but through compromise we had reduced this claim to $200,000."

Koina remembers that his insurance company would have been happy to take anything the Russians offered up to a minimum of $110,000, the amount it had had to pay him for his comprehensive insurance cover on his trawler.

"Fat help they were," Koina says. "All they wanted was their payout covered and stuff me for the rest I was after." When Koina and his group walked into the conference room they felt as if they were going to a Russian president's funeral.

"They were a surly bunch and kept muttering to themselves. The Russian sea captain got up and started drawing diagrams on a blackboard while he raved on with the Russian version of how the collision occurred. I stopped him two or three times and said, 'You have been told what to say. It's all bullshit!' Those outbursts of mine caused a bit of a stir around the table, but you've got to remember that, of all those present, I was the only one who had been at the scene of the collision and I might add the one who had nearly lost his life as a result of that episode. You bet I was bloody angry when this turkey was trying to baffle us all with lopsided Russian logic.

"The meeting went on and on and after a bit more haggling we gave the Russians our bottom line figure of $160,000. I was reluctant to let them off the hook for this amount but we figured if we went to court we would be up for thousands in extra legal costs. This sent them into a further huddle and they yabbered amongst themselves for quite a while.

"Finally, the Russian judge looked across the table at us and through tight lips spoke two English words very slowly: 'Too. . . much.' I had had a gutful of them by this and called them every four-letter word I knew. I said to my solicitor, 'Tell them we will see them in court', and stormed out of the room."

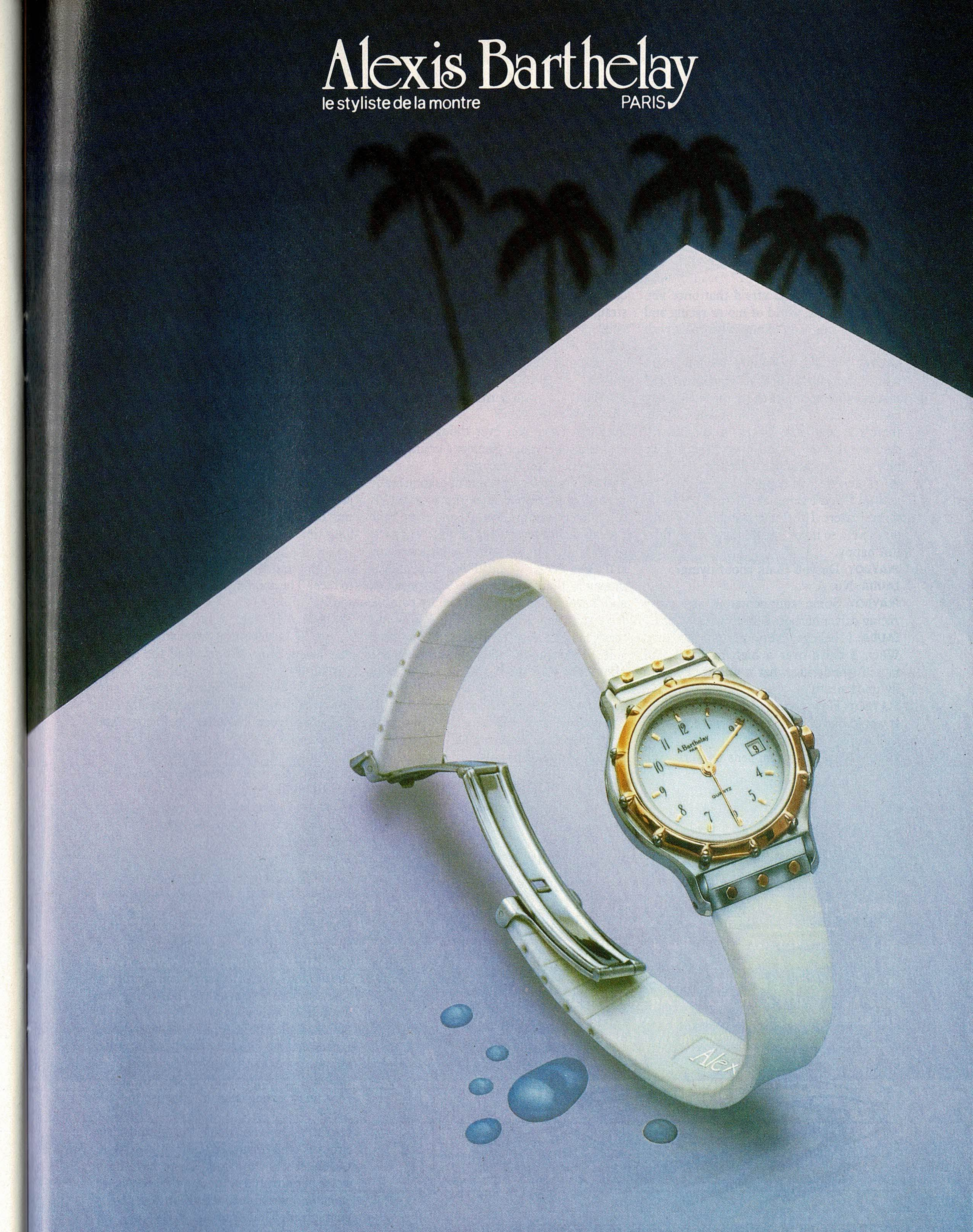
Koina did not hear any more from the Russian party all afternoon but finally his solicitor rang him that evening and said the Russians had agreed to pay the $160,000. "And you know what," Koina reflects, "I would have been quite happy if that Russian container ship captain had simply apologised to me and my deckhand for fucking well nearly running us over."

•

No apology was given. Nor did Australian officials offer any back-up before or following the damages proceedings. In a vindication of the little Aussie battler, Koina emerged the winner, despite the obstacles. But three years after his *Bongaree* went to the bottom, he's still looking for a boat to quietly go fishing.

That day, he reckons, when he reels in his first catch of tiger prawns, will be the beginning of the rest of his life.

"I'm invited to a party: the food is forgettable, the drinks are flat, conversation and wit are stupendously dull. Now, do I have the basis for a lawsuit? Or what?"



SYDNEY: J. Farren-Price, Percy Marks, Denis James, Robert Clerc, Perri Jewellers, Musson Jewellers — Chatswood, Michal — Double Bay, Davlyn Design — Strathfield. BRISBANE: Watches International, Xennox, McKinneys — Indooroopilly, Picadilly Watchmaker, Stones. PERTH: Rosendorff Diamond Jewellers, Hellas Handicrafts. ADELAIDE: Congdons Time Centre, Vocvodich. HOBART: Precision Jewellers. CANBERRA: Precious Jewellers. MELBOURNE: Panache, Theodore.

LAUDA

(continued from page 38)

After the accident I got quotes for parts of my body: skin, eyelashes, hair transplants, a new ear.

LAUDA: No, not really. I only know that when I stop racing I don't want to struggle as a businessman. There has to be something more to life than this, I'm looking forward to it.

PLAYBOY: Aren't you afraid that once you leave the hectic world of motor racing and Lauda Air you won't know what to do with yourself?

LAUDA: No. I'm very sure I know every corner of my little world at the moment, and that I can't know more about the technology and business of cars and aeroplanes. When there's a new little world in my life I'll discover that one in full, everything will be new and I'll experience it deeply.

PLAYBOY: Are you happy?

LAUDA: I don't think about it. I try to do things where I feel comfortable. It works quite well, so if you call this happiness, then I'm happy.

PLAYBOY: Do you think about dying?

LAUDA: No.

PLAYBOY: Some commentators say every racing driver harbors a death wish.

LAUDA: I believe every person has that. When I drive over a high bridge I find myself wondering what it would be like to fly underneath.

PLAYBOY: How about when you're racing? It would be very easy to have those kinds of feelings.

LAUDA: No, it only happens on very high bridges and off skyscrapers, or looking through railings from the top of a hotel. When I race I only want to survive.

PLAYBOY: Some observers have doubted your grey matter, specifically after you came out of intensive care and jumped straight into your car. Does that bother you?

LAUDA: No. I can understand them thinking like that. I couldn't care less what they think.

PLAYBOY: Do your burns worry you?

LAUDA: No.

PLAYBOY: Have you ever thought about a cosmetic operation? Someone could probably fashion you a new ear.

LAUDA: There was only one operation really needed immediately after the accident. It was for my injured eye. At the same time though, I got a few quotes for different parts of my body: skin, eyelashes, hair transplants and a new ear. It would all have cost a lot of money without any guarantee of success, and it would have been incredibly painful. And what for? This is how I look now and that's that. You also have to see the practical side: I listen to all my long-distance phonecalls with the burnt ear; the headset fits better.

PLAYBOY: Speaking of long distance, the Adelaide Grand Prix is a long hop away from the rest of the Formula One world. A lot of Australians claimed you short-changed them with your drive at last year's Australian Grand Prix (Formula Mondial) in Melbourne. It was after your third world championship win and you were reportedly paid a huge amount.

LAUDA: The amount was normal, not huge. But my performance had nothing to do with the amount of money. A lot of things went wrong. The whole set-up of my car and my team just wasn't good enough to give me the sense of a major event. I'm sorry about the Australian fans, I definitely didn't want to sell them short. No serious professional wants to do that. At least I learned something about myself after that event: after so many years in racing I can stand it only at the highest level. It only makes sense for me in the fastest league of cars, with the most perfect set-up, with the best mechanics, the best money and so on. Otherwise it's dull. Don't get me wrong, it's a very personal thing. It's my fifteenth year in professional racing and you don't step backwards after that long. I simply haven't got the spirit or the will to cope with an amateurish approach. It doesn't work for me. I hadn't done something like that for a long time before that Australian race, so it was a new experience for me. After that I asked myself very seriously: do I still want to race? The answer was yes, but only at the top.

PLAYBOY: You had some pretty cutting things to say about Australian drivers in that event. How did you find the driving standard?

LAUDA: I wouldn't allow myself any criticism of Australian, American, Dutch or Chinese drivers. I had the specific problem of starting at the rear of the grid, so I passed a couple of drivers who were more enthusiastic than talented, or at least experienced.

PLAYBOY: Considering Adelaide is a street circuit, who do you rate highly as a driver in those conditions?

LAUDA: Rosberg.

PLAYBOY: Why?

LAUDA: He's simply good at it. I don't know why.

PLAYBOY: Ecclestone virtually insists that all new circuits be on the streets. Do you agree?

LAUDA: Personally I prefer classic circuits. They suit me better both in the driving and the general atmosphere.

PLAYBOY: Do you think Ecclestone is a good spokesman for the teams, or does he have too much power?

LAUDA: Let me put it cautiously. You need a very, very strong man to organise the GP circus.

PLAYBOY: Do you think the Grand Prix circus is well organised?

LAUDA: It's not too bad. There have been worse periods. It's safer now, the crowds are good, and worldwide television coverage is guaranteed. That's not bad, is it?

"But who the hell's going to believe that she won't put out to pay the mortgage?"

CAN YOU NAME AUSTRALIA'S BEST BARS?

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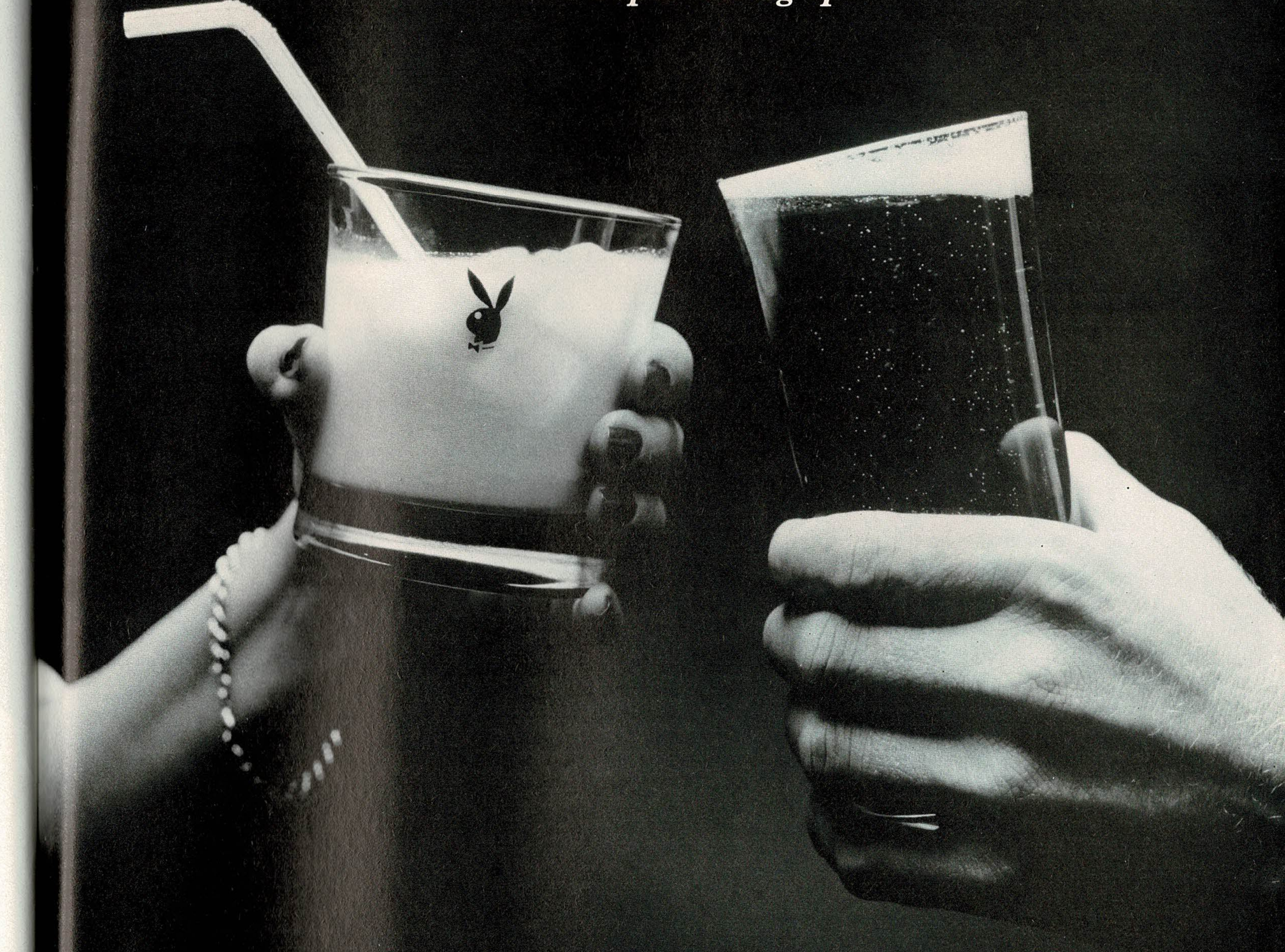

We need your help. We've heard that Australian PLAYBOY readers don't mind the idea of the occasional drink or spot of lively entertainment at their favorite bars. We'd like you to share your special drinking spots with us. Tell us where they are, why you like them, what makes them better than other contenders. Points to consider include atmosphere, service, pick-up potential, clientele, value and variety of drinks, and entertainment. We'll be revealing the results of this survey in our January 1986 issue together with a feature article on the award-winning establishments. By tabulating your votes, we'll come up with the best five bars in each capital city and the best regional or country bar in each state. We'll be presenting the winning bars with special awards to commemorate their status as Australia's best drinking spots. Cheers!

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D/10/85

AT THE TRACK

(continued from page 42)

"Jockeys are bad tippers and mug punters," says Losh. "We're too close to it to get the right mail."

a ride but so far that hasn't happened. What does happen is that if you don't ride a winner for a while you find yourself riding more and more in the country, and it gets harder to get back into the mainstream. You just have to keep going because if you lose confidence in yourself you'll never win a race."

Does he hustle for better rides?

"There's friendly rivalry but if a bloke started making phone calls and getting under people's necks he wouldn't stay popular for long. My rule is never make a phone call. If you're any good they'll put you on."

Once on, however, jockeys have been known to bend the rules regarding their entitlements. The owner of a former champion stayer from Victoria told Australian PLAYBOY that one jockey had "put the bite on from the moment he got our ride. There wasn't much we could do because the bastard kept on winning. But frankly, you invest a lot of money and you know the wins aren't going to last forever, so you want to see as much return as possible. When the jockey's got his hand out before you give him a leg up, the whole thing starts to stink."

The owner claimed that his syndicate had paid one jockey almost $10,000 over and above his official commissions in one season before they gave someone else the mount. As it turned out, the horse never did as well under another rider. Stories like this are part of racing lore but, not surprisingly, no jockey will ever pass comment on the sins of another, nor will he concede that not every race is run to be won. In fact, the impression given to the outsider is so squeaky clean that one wonders how any of those blood and guts blues in the jockeys' room ever start.

Peter Losh, who has never had a fight in the jockeys' room or anywhere else, makes a point of getting to the track a good hour before his first ride. He drives his white Ford Telstar fast and tidily, so that he often has an hour and a quarter in which to mount his saddle, work his weight out and get the colors on. While he is dressing the trainer will be saddling the horse. Then there is enough time for instructions and little else before he is led out on to the track.

On a typical day, say five rides in an eight-race program, Losh will have perhaps one hour-long break. The rest of the day, with only thirty minutes between races, he will be mounting, racing and dismounting. Losh likens it to a football match in terms of the physical effort required.

"You're only actually racing for seven or eight minutes all afternoon but there's a couple of hours' effort compressed into that, I'll give you the drum. You get tired and you get muscle-sore, and if you don't put as much effort into your last ride of the day as you did the first, then you won't be getting too many mounts next meeting."

Peter Losh goes to the track to ride and for no other reason. He says the races bore him if he's not working and he would prefer to spend the time with his family. Jockeys are not allowed to bet (in theory at least) but Losh says he's not interested in gambling anyway.

"Jockeys are bad tippers and mug punters," he says. "We're too close to it to get the right mail." Nevertheless, this reporter was twice approached by an apprentice in the members' bar at Hawkesbury and asked to put on straight-out bets of $40 each. Your correspondent obliged and both horses lost, none of which seemed to faze the apprentice.

The mid-week meeting at Hawkesbury started ominously for Losh, who was a last minute replacement for another jockey in the first. Riding a horse called Long Boy, he jumped well and was an early leader, only to finish a dismal second last. Second last is better than last, according to Losh, and last is better than a fall. (He has broken his collarbone four times.)

"Of course it's embarrassing when you get beaten by a mile," he says. "But you just have to cop it sweet. You get back through the gate and get off it as soon as possible. I've been given a hard time by the punters and by the owners, a lot of whom are of the opinion that their horse is the best no matter what. They think it will always win if the jockey does the right thing. Well, it's just not that simple, but these are the blokes who pay you, so you just grin and bear it."

As noted earlier, Losh "did the right thing" in the third on behalf of Mr and Mrs V.R. Hayes and at least one punter known to this publication. In the fifth he managed fourth place on Spring A Wing, thereby making $500 for J. Gigante and S.E. Smith. His total earnings for the day? Two hundred and ninety-five dollars less tax, compo and petrol. Just another day at the track.

OFF TO A FLYING START

AS HE LED the horse out for its first start, Constant Karioi's Rosehill-based trainer told jockey Peter Losh he expected the horse to go quite well but warned him he was "touchy in the mouth".

Losh knew in a well-raced horse that usually signified a lack of rein, but in an unraced two-year-old it could mean anything. The beauty of being on the back of a first starter, however, was that no one really knew what to expect and there was no great pressure. Losh ambled the horse around the track and he went into the number eight box without any problems.

When the starter's gun went, Constant Karioi threw his head in the air and jumped, taking Losh completely by surprise. The horse was virtually on top of Cordofan, a 20/1 shot ridden by young apprentice M. Zarb, and Losh had to pull him up to straighten him, losing vital early ground. The wild jump had shocked Losh out of his pre-determined race plan and he had to come up with a saver... quickly.

"There wasn't much I could do until I settled him down again," Losh recalled after the race. "I couldn't work out why he'd acted that way with plenty of rein. Anyway, we were trailing the field but he seemed to get settled and started to travel very well. Once he gets going he's got a real nice rhythm."

With 400 to go in the 1000 metre race, Constant Karioi had made his ground on the 13 other horses, sneaking inside a few of them and was poised to recover fully as they entered the straight. Losh was becoming more and more impressed with the easy gallop of the horse, and at the turn he took him out wide and gave him the whip.

Constant Karioi didn't need a lot of encouraging. He came around the outside and stole the lead in the straight as the horses which had promised so much early—Boldreale, Gaiete de Coeur and McCormack—began to falter. There wasn't a great deal of cheering from the stand as Losh's mount went on to win by a good three lengths.

A few days later, Peter Losh was still excited about the horse's prospects, although he'd had many rides since. "I haven't talked to the trainer about him yet," he said. "But I sure hope they want to put me back on him. I think he's got a great future, that horse. A ton of guts and a natural galloper."

SEX NEWS

Our sex advisers bring you the latest sex news and views.

Could you please tell me where I can get help for a problem which has me scared? I am a 23-year-old male, still living alone with my parents, and lately seem to be doing some very weird things. Over the past year or so I have had the urge to masturbate in front of women. I drive around looking for women to expose myself to. Fortunately I am able to stop myself before I do, but I'm afraid if the opportunity presents itself, I might go ahead.

It is now affecting me emotionally and sometimes I find myself becoming very nervous dealing with people, particularly the opposite sex, even my sisters, both older and married. I don't have brothers.

I have always been a fairly shy person and have not had a girlfriend, although I would dearly like one. I have tried to take girls out but nerves get the better of me and I can't perform to my fullest. I haven't had sexual relations. I have all sorts of hang-ups about myself which make it hard for me to behave naturally and don't really enjoy it when I go out as I can never relax.

Also one of the things that bothers me is I think my penis is too small and I find it embarrassing going to the men's toilet in public. (I measure six inches erect but only about one and a half inches when not, and not very thick.)

And lately I don't seem to have any feeling in my penis. I can touch the head and not feel anything apart from a bit on top. Can you offer me any advice as I am getting pretty desperate but I'm too embarrassed to see or tell anyone.

—S.F., Qld.

It can certainly be frightening to discover in yourself an urge to masturbate in front of women. That type of sexual desire usually has a strong compulsive element which is very hard to control. Chances are you may end up exhibiting yourself if you do not seek professional help and you must be aware of the risks associated with this form of sexual behavior. If you are caught and charged with exhibiting, it could ruin your life. (And don't assume you will just do it once and not get caught. Most exhibitionists feel it extremely difficult to control the urge to continue to exhibit.)

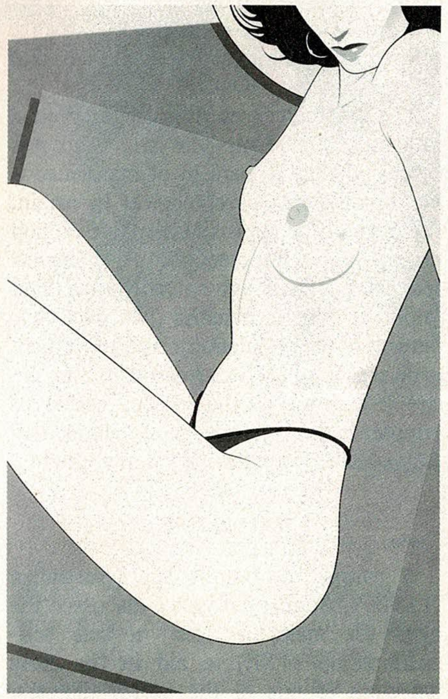
Contact the Family Planning Association and ask them for the name of a sex therapist in your area. Anyone working in the field will have talked to other males in your situation and will be sympathetic and able to help you. Counselling could also help you sort out other aspects of your life which are worrying you—your shyness with girls and your anxiety about various sexual matters. Just one point: it's unlikely your penis is lacking sensitivity. In your present state of anxiety and depression, your sexual response is likely to be repressed and feelings could well be inhibited. Once you have sorted out some of your present problems and found the right relationship, your equipment will provide all the pleasure you need.

Have you ever written any articles on duo balls? My fiancee and I have a very fulfilling sex life and although far from being into kinky sex we do find it satisfying to vary our lovemaking occasionally.

Recently we purchased duo balls but don't fully understand what they are supposed to do. I would appreciate any guidance you could give.

—K.C., NSW.

Some years ago we conducted a consumer's test panel on duo balls and regrettably, for most of our female panel of testers, the earth didn't move. In fact they barely felt a tremor — some women reported strange sensations when they moved around, a certain feeling of fullness, but no one found them particularly exciting. Duo balls, for the uninitiated, usually consist of a pair of plastic or metal balls, often connected by a length of string. Each ball has another smaller solid ball inside it, which, in theory, causes the larger ball to vibrate when it is moved. The majority of women on our test panel found they could barely feel the balls once they were inserted in the vagina, and even when they jumped up and down the balls barely made their presence felt. All of that is hardly surprising because the vagina isn't exactly crammed full of sexual nerve endings. In most women vaginal sensitivity is greatest near the entrance and even special pleasure centres such as the G Spot require quite firm stroking to draw a response.



So, all in all, they are really rather boring balls, but there's never any harm in trying something new and that's often enough to give you quite a buzz.

I am 18 years of age and have two problems. The first doesn't tend to worry me that much, but I can't ejaculate through masturbation though I have tried many times. The second is that I have had a pretty active sex life for the past year but no matter how many times I have sex I cannot bring on a full erection. As much as I would like to, I always end up finding it a real challenge to get it in. Is this a common problem? I can't understand it as I don't feel shy or embarrassed when having sex.

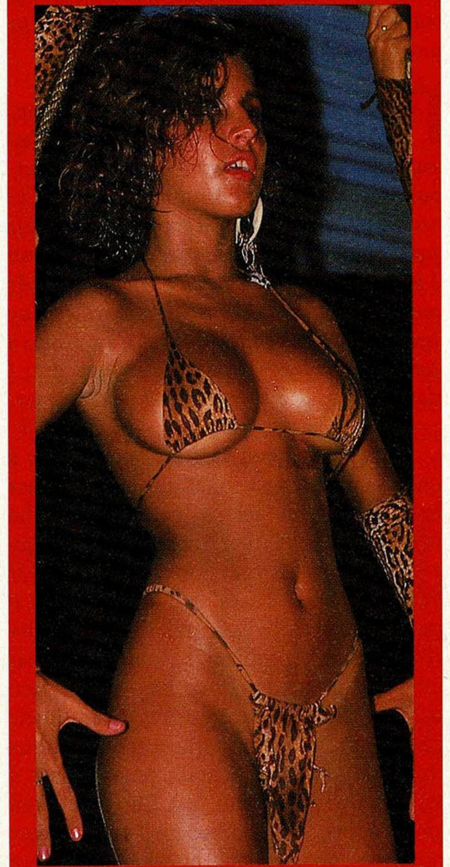
—S.C., ACT.

It may be a good idea for you to have a check-up from a medical practitioner experienced in sexual counselling who could assess whether there could be any medical basis for your current problems. If you never achieve a full erection, it *is* possible that there is an underlying vascular (blood flow) problem. Remember that erections do tend to fluctuate — some men achieve their fullest erections during their early morning glories, others are most erect during masturbation, some penises have a will of their own and just fluctuate from time to time. You do not spell out whether you have *ever* ejaculated, in which case there could be a physical problem, or whether you only have difficulty during masturbation, meaning the problem may simply be that you have guilt and inhibitions about masturbation which are suppressing your response.

Many women who respond easily with their partners find they have trouble climaxing through self-stimulation — they can't get rid of that dreadful fear that they are about to be struck down by a bolt from the sky. If it turns out there is nothing physically wrong with you, a therapist will be able to help you learn to ejaculate (assuming you do have difficulty climaxing with your partner) and will explore the question of whether you need a full erection. Other males assume that if they don't have a full erection they can't possibly have as much fun or give as much fun to their ladies. Both are classic fallacies (or should we say "phallacies"?) — erections *can* have distinct ups and downs without interfering with the male's experience of pleasure. It's even possible to penetrate

NEXT MONTH

CARNIVAL IN RIO: A TANTALISING TRIBUTE TO THE WORLD'S SEXIEST CELEBRATION.



BIG WAVE MADNESS: CHEATING DEATH ON THE PRO SURFING CIRCUIT.

PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: PUTTING THE BITE ON **STING,** SHOWBIZ'S SOLO MAN OF THE '80s.

THE STATE OF THE NATION: SO YOU RECKON YOUR PART OF AUSTRALIA IS THE BEST? OUR SURVEY COULD PROVE YOU WRONG.

HOME ENTERTAINMENT: TUNING IN TO THE BEST HI-FI EQUIPMENT AVAILABLE.

with a flaccid penis, provided you are both relaxed about it and use an appropriate position. The male's experience of pleasure is in his head rather than his penis and *that's* what needs working on.

MILLIONS IMPOTENT

From the United States comes a fascinating report estimating the number of impotent American males. The survey, published in *Medical Aspects Of Human Sexuality*, combines data from a wide range of sources (the American Diabetes Association, American Heart Association, National Cancer Institute, colostomy organisations, and Bureau of Health statistics) to estimate the number of males suffering from organic impotence. The estimates of the number of males whose impotence could be due to organic causes are as follows:

- Diabetes mellitus — 2,000,000
- Other endocrine problems — 300,000
- Vascular diseases — 1,500,000
- Impotence following radical surgery (including prostatectomies, colostomies and cystectomies) — 650,000
- Multiple sclerosis — 180,000
- Spinal cord injuries, pelvic fractures and other traumas — 400,000

The organic causes yield a conservative total of 5,030,000 impotent men. Since it is estimated that 50 percent of impotence is not organic but psychological in origin, there would be approximately five million men who are impotent for psychological reasons. So the rough count is 10 million impotent American males (just over four percent of the population). And since there is no reason to suspect Australian men are any less prone to the various causes of impotence, the figures suggest that *660,000* Aussie males are suffering a similar plight.

SAVE OUR SONS

A couple of months ago (Australian PLAYBOY, August 1985), we discussed the need for males to learn testicle self-examination (TSE) to aid in the early detection of one of the horror diseases, cancer of the testes. This virulent form of cancer is being found with increasing frequency in young men — mainly those between the ages of 19 and 35 — and early diagnosis is crucial.

Yet public discussion of such delicate aspects of male health is still extremely rare and most males remain ignorant of the measures they can take to protect themselves.

In the Isle of Wight, a district nurse, Mrs Shirley Wilcox, has launched a Save Our Sons campaign, following the successful treatment of her son. Mrs Wilcox was devastated when she learnt her tall, rugby-playing son had cancer. "I would have bet my last tenner that it would not have been John," she says. After many weeks of anxiety and seeing her son react dreadfully to the bleomycin treatment, Mrs Wilcox finally saw him cured. "I could have walked away from it then," she says.

Instead, she has campaigned ceaselessly to publicise how self-examination of the testes can help young men detect the disease early. Health education is what she is aiming for. Girls are taught self-examination of the breasts and Mrs Wilcox feels strongly that as much publicity needs to be given for boys to learn self-examination of the testes.

She advocates health education posters and leaflets in girlie magazines, public toilets, doctors' surgeries, even in packets of condoms.

"You will get hilarity; you will get graffiti on the posters; but you can bet your bottom dollar they will go home and check," says Mrs Wilcox. She feels that there is a great deal of publicity given to smoking and lung cancer, yet people have a choice whether to smoke or not. But if a poster was put up threatening virility or manhood, men would do something about it.

FORESKIN QUARTERLY

In Australia recently a quiet revolution has taken place in the maternity wards of our hospitals — an extraordinary reversal in the practice of routine circumcision of baby boys.

Three years ago over 70 percent of baby boys were routinely circumcised, now over 70 percent are left intact — mainly due to a concerted campaign by the medical profession against what they now see as an unnecessary and potentially risky operation on a newborn child.

In the United States, a similar move is under way and to aid its progress comes a strange new publication from a fervent foreskin-preservation group — The Uncircumcised Society of America. The journal *Foreskin Quarterly* contains autobiographical accounts of circumcision, "uncut" fiction, and photo essays such as "Daddy's Foreskin".

The 48-page tabloid, which caters to gays, also gives tips on how to avoid the knife while serving in the military and how to stretch foreskins into two or three-inch overhangs. Amazing stuff!

The magazine contains all sorts of extraordinary suggestions of the erotic delights available to men lucky enough to possess a nice long foreskin. You would have thought it would be sufficient to campaign to leave the poor old foreskin in its natural state, let alone working on ways of making them bigger and better but there is no accounting for taste!

Please address your letters requesting advice or giving accounts of sexual experiences to: Sex Adviser, c/- Australian PLAYBOY, P.O. Box 746, Darlinghurst, 2010. We welcome inquiries but regret we can't always reply to each reader.

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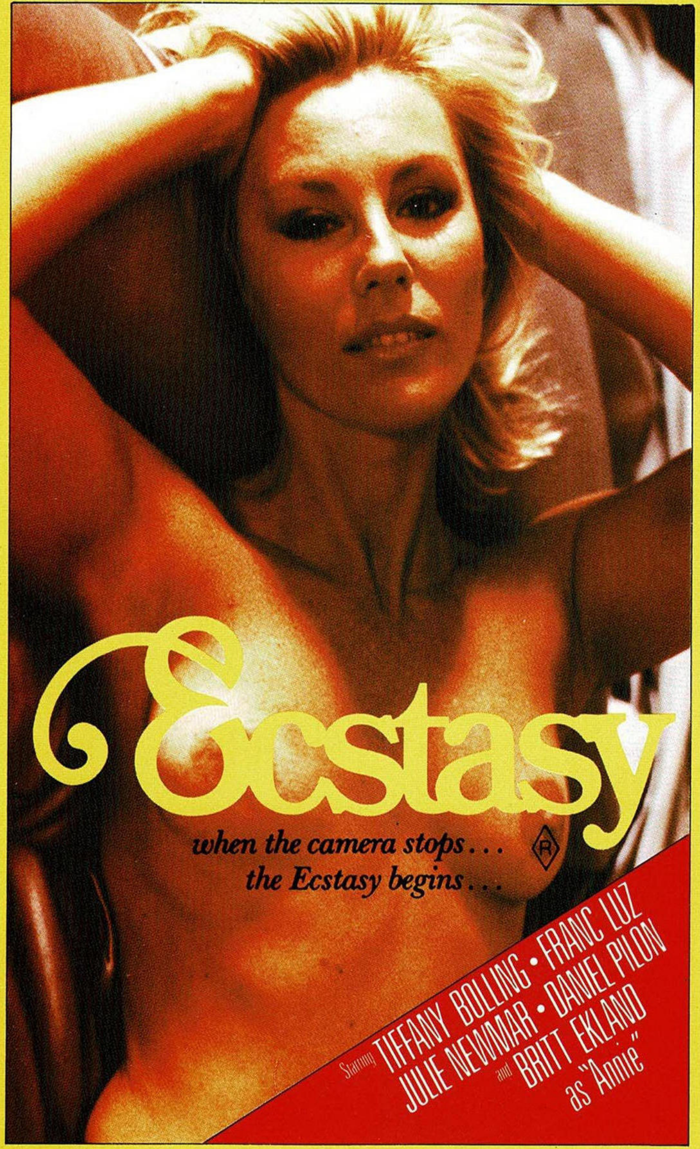
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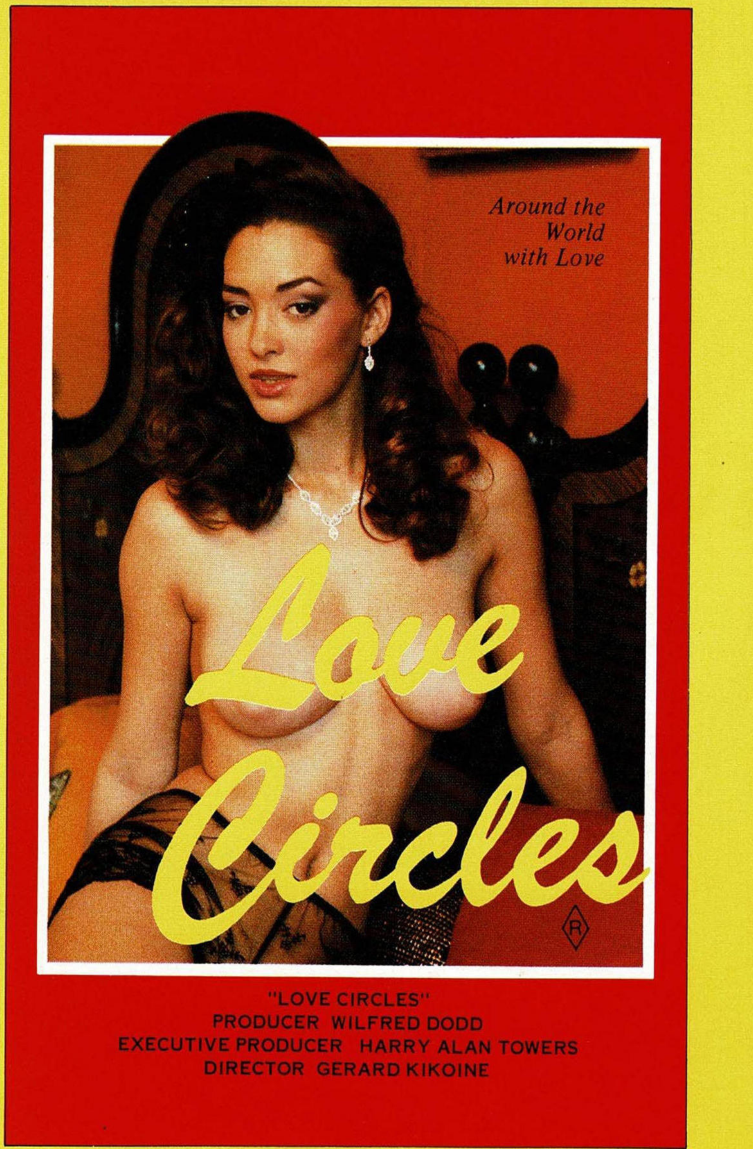

After directing an award winning movie, Peter embarks on his next film venture - the sensual tale of a former Hollywood starlet. Peter's wife - Val, a leading and much sought after actress, is persuaded to take the starring role. Her performance as Catherine introduces her to the world of eroticism and her new-found sexual awareness both confuses and delights her. With nearly five years of happy married life behind them Peter and Val are forced to question the strength of their relationship as Val becomes pre-occupied by a physical attraction to her leading man. Tensions are high - both on and off the set! ECSTACY - an adult film about adult problems.

Meet Jack, an American in Paris, whose life turns upside down when he meets Suzy, a Parisian expert in the art of lovemaking. Throughout the world, lust awaits every comer with the most stunning girls on earth, ranging from hot Italian beauties, to the sexual delights of Chinese twins Ko Ko and Yo Yo. LOVE CIRCLES takes you through a kaleidoscope of sexual adventure from around the globe.

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